THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVIII No. 1802

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

AUG. 4 1934

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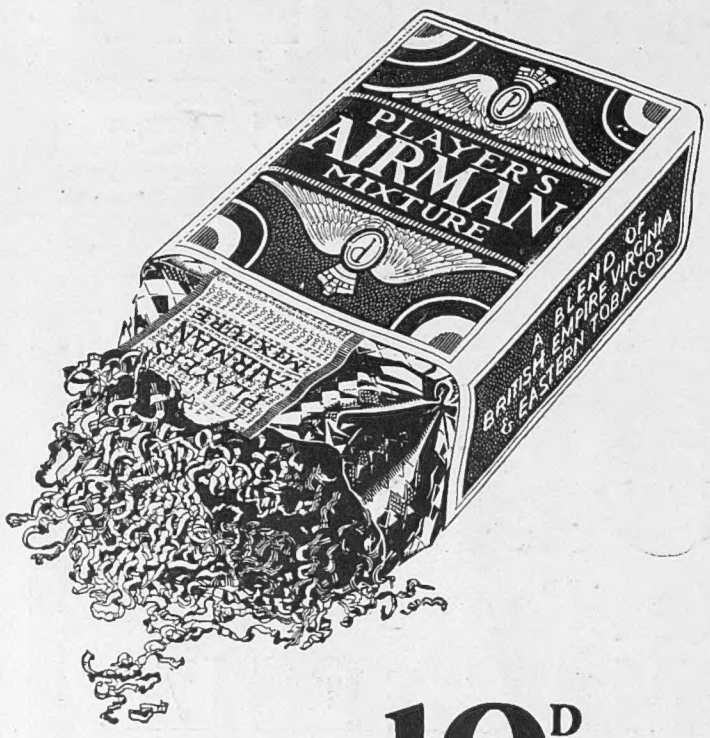

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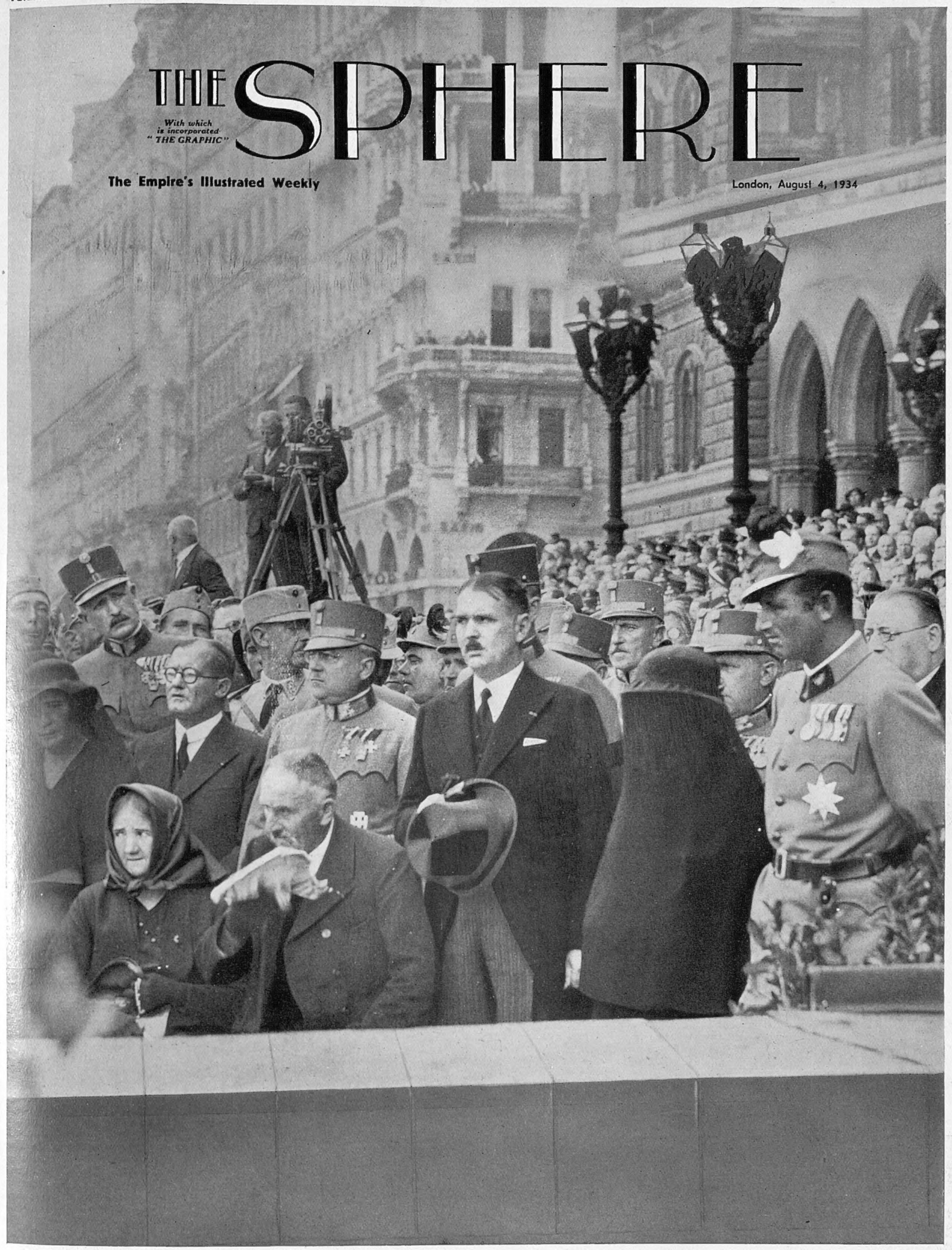
346, STRAND, LONDON

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, August 4, 1934



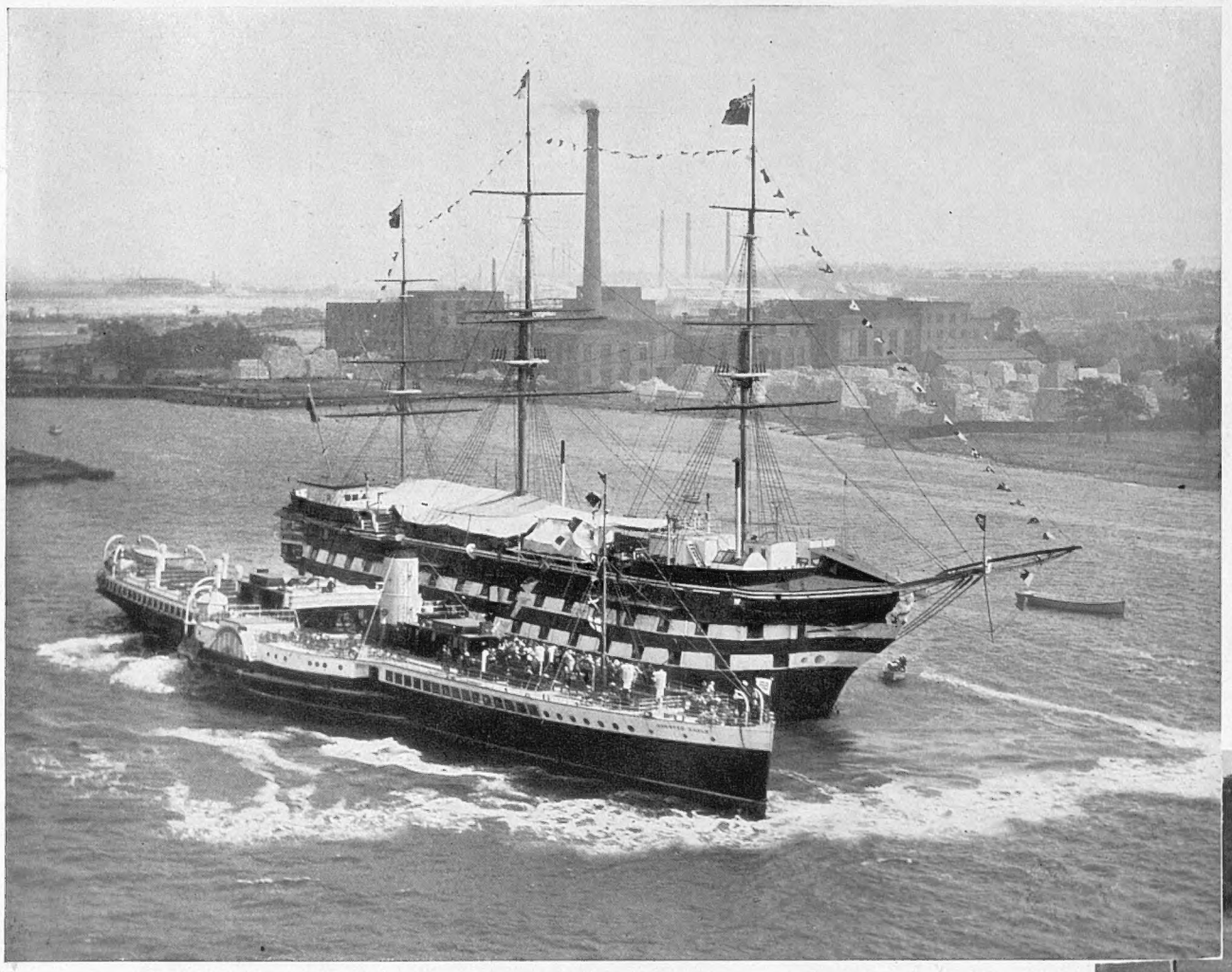
MOURNING A MARTYR

The Funeral of Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, Austria's Heroic Chancellor

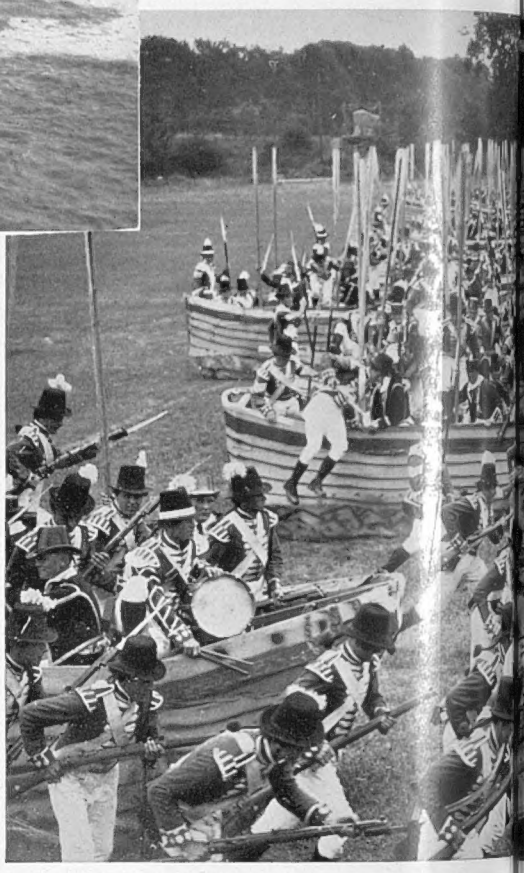
On Thursday of last week the world was shocked by the news that Dr. Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, had been shot by Nazi terrorists who were attempting to overthrow the Government, and that they had allowed him to bleed to death with neither a doctor nor a priest to attend him. While the main purpose of the *putsch* failed, Austria is to-day mourning the one man upon whom she was depending for salvation, and who it was believed could guide her safely through her troubles. This picture was taken at the funeral on Saturday and shows the dead Chancellor's mother and step-father, Herr Stockinger (a Cabinet Minister), Frau Dollfuss (heavily veiled), and Prince Starhemberg (the Vice-Chancellor) watching the procession.

(See also pages 174 and 175)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.



A DAY ON THE RIVER: About 400 of the guests who attended Prize Day on the training ship *Worcester* at Greenhithe, travelled down from Tower Pier, London, on the *Crested Eagle*, which was specially chartered for the occasion. The modern pleasure steamer and the old sailing vessel are here seen side by side as the former was discharging her passengers



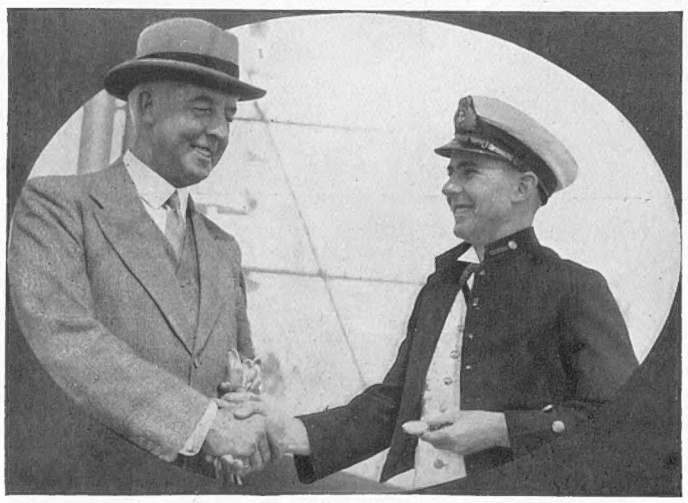
THE LANDING OF THE BRITISH TROOPS AT ABOUKIR at the Tidworth Tattoo. The British were commanded the opposing Napoleonic forces, stranded in Egypt

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 1, 1934.

THE TRAGEDY IN VIENNA.

—The murder of Dr. Dollfuss is already a week old and mercifully the first reactions of sane opinion in Europe that—desperate as the plight of Austria is—the trouble was none the less domestic and must be domestically cleared up, have proved sound. The first reports of army corps on the neighbouring frontiers were not only unwise but patently premature. Even to-day (exactly twenty years after the zero hour of the world tragedy) army corps do not mobilize in an hour nor move twenty miles in a couple of hours. Yet it was natural that every kind of dreadful rumour and dismal expectation should be voiced; and considerable Italian forces gradually moved to and remained on the Austrian frontier. It was not, indeed, until the very surprising and adroit proposal of Von Papen to succeed the dégommé German Minister was accepted by Europe as a bull point and an olive branch, that tension relaxed. Good little Dollfuss! Of all those European dictators his was perhaps the most precarious tenure, as his country was least substantially secure in its very existence. And of all dictators he was surely accorded the greatest share of the world's sympathy and affection. He was altogether a good man, with a deep sense of religion, of duty, and of patriotism. Nothing, it seems, can make us in England comprehend the state of Europe, not even the latest Austrian putsch nor the Nazi purge. Here in England, we see Mr. Baldwin smoking his pipe at Lord's, and Sir John Simon intent on winning a golf handicap, and we cannot even dimly visualize the common lot of Ministers of State in Europe who deliberate at Cabinet meetings with revolvers in their pockets and on the issue of a throw turn them upon themselves or their political enemies. It was in dramatic form that the dramatic news came to me over the wireless. A body of Nazis had taken control of the Vienna broadcasting station, cut off the programme and announced the resignation of Dollfuss and the formation of a new Government under Rintelen, the Minister in Rome. Later, these dismissed soldier Nazis, disguised as military and police officers, had broken into the Chancellery and mortally wounded the Chancellor, holding as hostages Major Fey and the Under-Secretary for War. At this point my own radio set was cut off with a sharp click. The battery had suddenly failed, but it was a quarter of an hour before I realized the truth. During that *mauvais quart d'heure* I clearly saw one of our own would-be dictators preparing to broadcast the resignation of the present Government and Mr. Baldwin's kidnapping. So much for nerves. I lost faith for a moment in our own national pre-occupation with brighter cricket . . . What a scene, what unimaginable doings in a once great capital of civilization! The murderers parleying with the Government forces from the Chancellery windows, while the first Minister of State was callously suffered to bleed to death without benefit of clergy or medical aid; ministers covered by assassins' pistols bargaining for their own safety in exchange for the safe conduct of the murderers to Germany by agreement with the German Minister; the dying Chancellor's last thoughts for his young wife and family; the promise of safe conduct; the march of the assassins between walls of growling citizens. And then further news crept in. Rintelen had tried his best to blow his brains out; the coup had failed; the actual murderers had no safe conduct; Starhemberg was in Vienna mobilizing his quarter-million Heimwehr; a new Government had been formed under young Schuschnigg; and Nazi Germany was feverishly trying to stem the flood water it had collected for this very hour. Little Dollfuss proved stronger in death than in life.



"FORTY YEARS ON": Cadet R. H. Farrands, winner of the gymnastic prize on the training ship *Worcester*, being congratulated by Mr. A. E. Boyd who won the prize in 1884

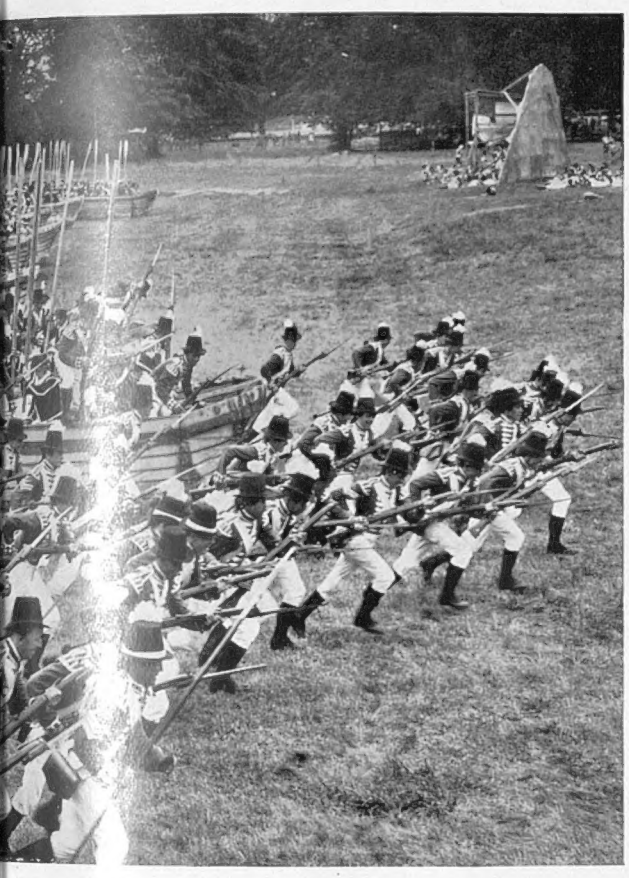
THE DARK AGES.

—In Germany, in Austria, these incredible scenes of primitive barbarity, reported as they occurred by the latest scientific device which claims to make the whole world one civilized brotherhood, and more than that, to make every nation (and its thoughts) as familiar to one another as are the doings of next-door neighbours in a suburban road. Small wonder if we scratch our heads over our civilization and ask ourselves what our progress in science and knowledge has achieved, unless to assure us daily and punctually that it bears no kind of relationship to human progress, mental or moral. And for several decades we have had the infernal impudence—not England only but Europe—to look disdainfully on the primitive culture and civilization of our fathers, on the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, on the Victorian age. As for the Nazist ideals, what vestige of respect remains to them as long as the ideals are harnessed to that coined adjective? Good men, resolute men, strong and, in the main, selfless men, have given their energies and brains to achieving those ideals which it is no part of my business to criticize or to examine; and time and again their work has been nullified and made abhorrent by the reckless, brutal, and undisciplined acts of their followers. The political gangster is fouler and madder than is he of the under-world. Madder, because political murder has never failed to hit hardest the cause in whose name it was done. The youth movements of Europe have been cursed by indiscipline, intemperance, and the brutality which only youth in its thoughtlessness can compass. The word "Nazi" is written in blood with a bloodstained dagger. It is, as a word, loathsome to-day to every decent man. It needs to be expunged from all dictionaries and its ideals rechristened, as the street name of Hilldrop Crescent cried out to be forgotten when Crippen swung. Small wonder if ere long, as I anticipate, a great reaction sets in against youth domination and the unhappy nations once more fall back on the "counsel of the old men" so contemptuously rejected. For triumphant youth—if you will, disillusioned youth—has achieved one thing. It has made this age of ours the Dark Ages of history, and the crimes, horrors, cruelties, and injustices of Peace ten times more foul than those of War.

SOCIALISM'S HOLIDAY TIME.

—While the bungaloids and the yachtsmen and the shooters are forgetting the very existence of routine and office life, the Labour Party organization is getting down to the consideration of a grave and heavy programme of agenda. The annual conference will very soon begin to discuss the comprehensive statement of the party

aims and policy when next Labour rules. With most of these aims we have already been made familiar. There is no modification of the policy of public ownership and control over essential services and industries, including banking. Unified ownership of land and reorganization of the industry is the agricultural policy, and certain public services and industries are on the urgent list for drastic reorganization. These include shipping, shipbuilding, engineering, transport, electricity, water, iron, steel, coal, gas, and textiles. The machinery of the House of Commons must be instantly rationalized, its procedure simplified, and its agenda meticulously rationed in advance. In only one particular is the known programme rather interestingly modified. What we regarded as under Socialism the least secure of all our institutions—the House of Lords—is afforded a most unexpected loophole. It is to be spared as long as it is of good behaviour. That is to say, this antiquated old relic is to be suffered to carry on as long as it does nothing more obstructive than the Lord Mayor's Show. But the moment it shows signs of interfering with the traffic of Labour progress and reform, it must go. That is a distinct modification and only explicable on the theory that Labour has realized that even five unchallenged years of rule will be all too few to achieve that mighty programme in its entirety. There is vital need that the annual conference should work these holidays as it never worked before.



IN 1801: Rehearsing a famous incident which is to be re-enacted by General Sir Ralph Abercromby and after a tremendous struggle after the Battle of the Nile, were defeated with heavy losses

A NEW BY-PASS.

—The Guildford-Godalming by-pass, opened by Mr. Hore-Belisha on July 27, has been long a-making. Two short sections of it are already worn and patched—that across Stoke Park and passing the Guildford Lido which is a great draw, and a section at the Milford end which leads to a part of Lord Midleton's Peper Harow estate. The road, which cuts through the Hog's Back near Compton, is nine miles long or rather less, cost £375,000 to construct, and does indeed run through some of Surrey's loveliest country. It is encouraging to hear that the whole of its frontage can be controlled by the Surrey County Council (which has been recently praised for its efforts to preserve rural beauties) to prevent ribbon development. None the less, I doubt if five years hence anyone will recognize the by-pass as the same which Mr. Hore-Belisha opened. It is my usual custom having once sampled a by-pass, to return with thankfulness to the older road, but I am bound to admit this new road is as charming as efficient. The Kingston by-pass is a stark horror, æsthetically and from the careful driver's point of view, and the new by-pass, it is claimed, is safe from similar development. When Mr. Baldwin opened the former, he made in jest a grim prophecy about it which has been bitterly fulfilled. Between them, they lengthen in mileage the journey from London to Milford by about four miles.

A VERY SUCCESSFUL SEASON.

—The London Season is over, August here and the holiday season begun. More significant still, the shooting season (directly linking us with February, 1935) has begun, and the first flappers have already fallen victims to the wild fowlers of the Norfolk Broads. The Goodwood meeting is in full swing, and the crowd on the Trundle or the "lunchers" in the car park can almost see the sails of yachtsmen in the Solent. Already the trains to the north are well filled with in-coming tenants, Highland families, dogs, gun-cases, rod-cases, and cartridges. For many of the tenants of grouse moors these peaceful days of anticipation are the best. And Bungalow Town, that great metropolis which stretches along our sea-coast from Essex to Dorset, is filled to capacity with a sun-loving, lazy, friendly population whose morning and evening dress is a square foot or so of stockinette. London is empty (and of course as full as ever), streets are up, clubs shut, and offices running half-staffed. It has been a wonderfully successful Season, following a Season which rivalled it for fine weather. Hardly any event of importance was even mildly interfered with. Even unlucky Ascot got off with a caution and the Eton and Harrow had nothing but a luncheon-time scare. The money has poured into the big stores, the dressmakers, the cricket clubs, to Wimbledon, to the polo and country clubs, to the lidos and the open-air restaurants. Even the Thames boatmen are robbed of their one luxury, a grouse. All the great pageants were blessed with good weather and good attendances and all the charities shared in a notable divide.

THE GARDEN PARTY FINIS.

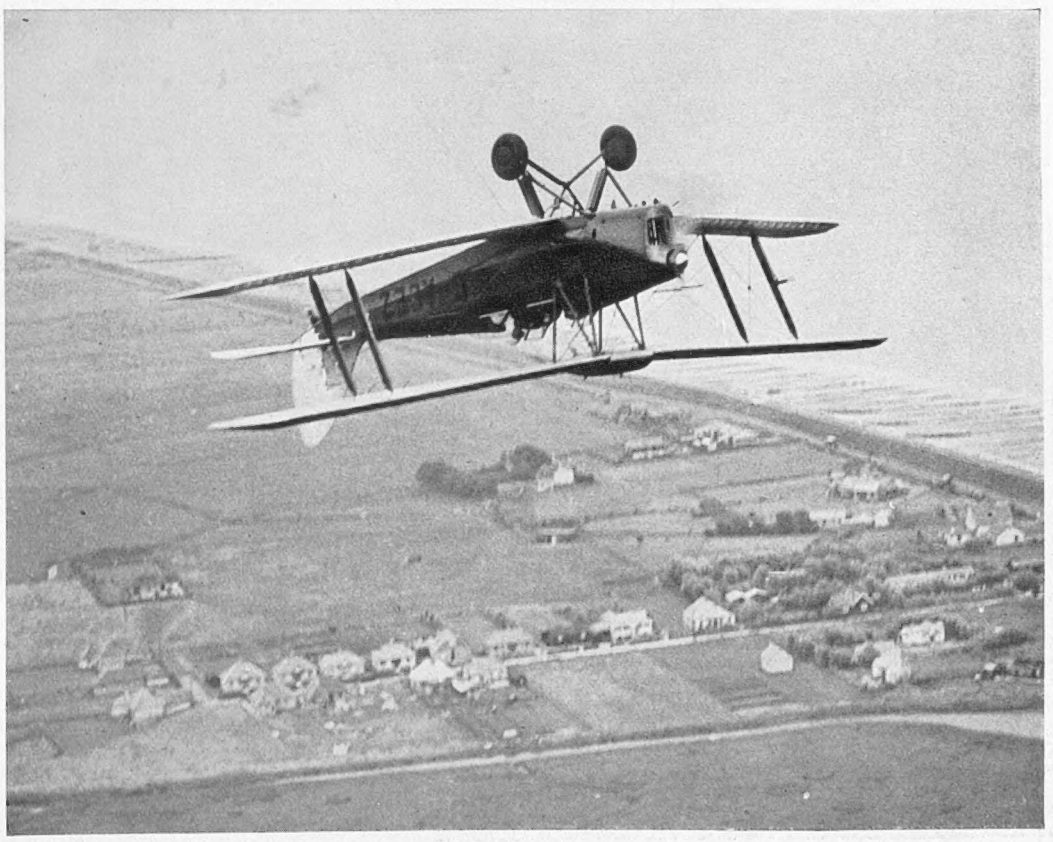
—In the last two summers England has once more killed that unkillable libel about her summer of "two fine days and a thunderstorm." The land of fogs is "sunshine land," and all Europe and America admit it. Only that fine sportsman, Woodfull, and his team of fine sportsmen, have a legitimate grouse, and, like the sportsmen they are, they shot it dead before the 12th on the rain-soaked moor at Headingley. Whatever may happen at the Oval on the 18th and following days Australia do not deserve to *lose* the battle of the Test series. As for the Royal Garden Party, that proverbially lucky fixture which writes "finis" to the London Season, it missed the rain but not the summer gale. Flimsy cart-wheels of lace, detached from the shingled heads of Princesses and Peeresses, sailed over the lawns; grey toppers crammed down on the craniums of distinguished diplomats, ministers, and actors, made recognition difficult, and only in their several individual "lanes" and "groups" between Palace and tea-enclosure, the Royal Family sailed serene, and undisturbed through the tempest. It is their métier, and not even a typhoon disturbs their splendid calm and dignity. But their guests, clutching their hats and flattening out their skirts, were distinctly "under the weather." So it was King's weather, as usual, at Buckingham Palace, and the Season, like all things pleasant, went like the wind.

SILVER JUBILEE.

—There is no precedent in English history for national celebration of a sovereign's completion of twenty-five years' reign. There is no record of a Silver Jubilee. George III was ill, Queen Victoria newly widowed, when they completed their quarter-centuries. There is no precedent for Jubilee celebrations for King George V; but then—the twenty-five years of his reign are unprecedented in their significance. When we recall what has happened in English history and world history since May 6, 1910, we throw our records and precedents into the waste-paper basket and start a new ledger. The whole world has changed its face, its mind, its habits of thought. Two-thirds of the nations of Europe and the East have rocked their thrones and shaken off their occupants, smashed up and rebuilt or patched up their constitutions, redrawn their frontiers, and recast their creeds. In an ocean of change, the throne of England seems to stand as a rock inviolable. Our own Empire has altered radically in its conception, the mother-country physically and morally is unrecognizable as the Britain of the Edwardian Age. Yet round the throne, as round a great liner dripping oil from oil-bags in a typhoon, the waters have been smoothed and a sense of peace and security and permanence regained, time and again. The oil of our metaphor is King George's innate tact, sympathy, steadfastness and kingcraft. He stands, to an extent attained by none of his predecessors, for the age-old virtues, duty, self-sacrifice, patriotism, understanding. There is no precedent for such a reign or such a sovereign. It is fitting that we should make a silver celebration, as it is doubtful if the record will ever be challenged. There cannot be in the length and breadth of the Empire a single community which would hesitate to vote money for a celebration which will make the immense significance of May 6, 1935, fully appreciated in its locality.

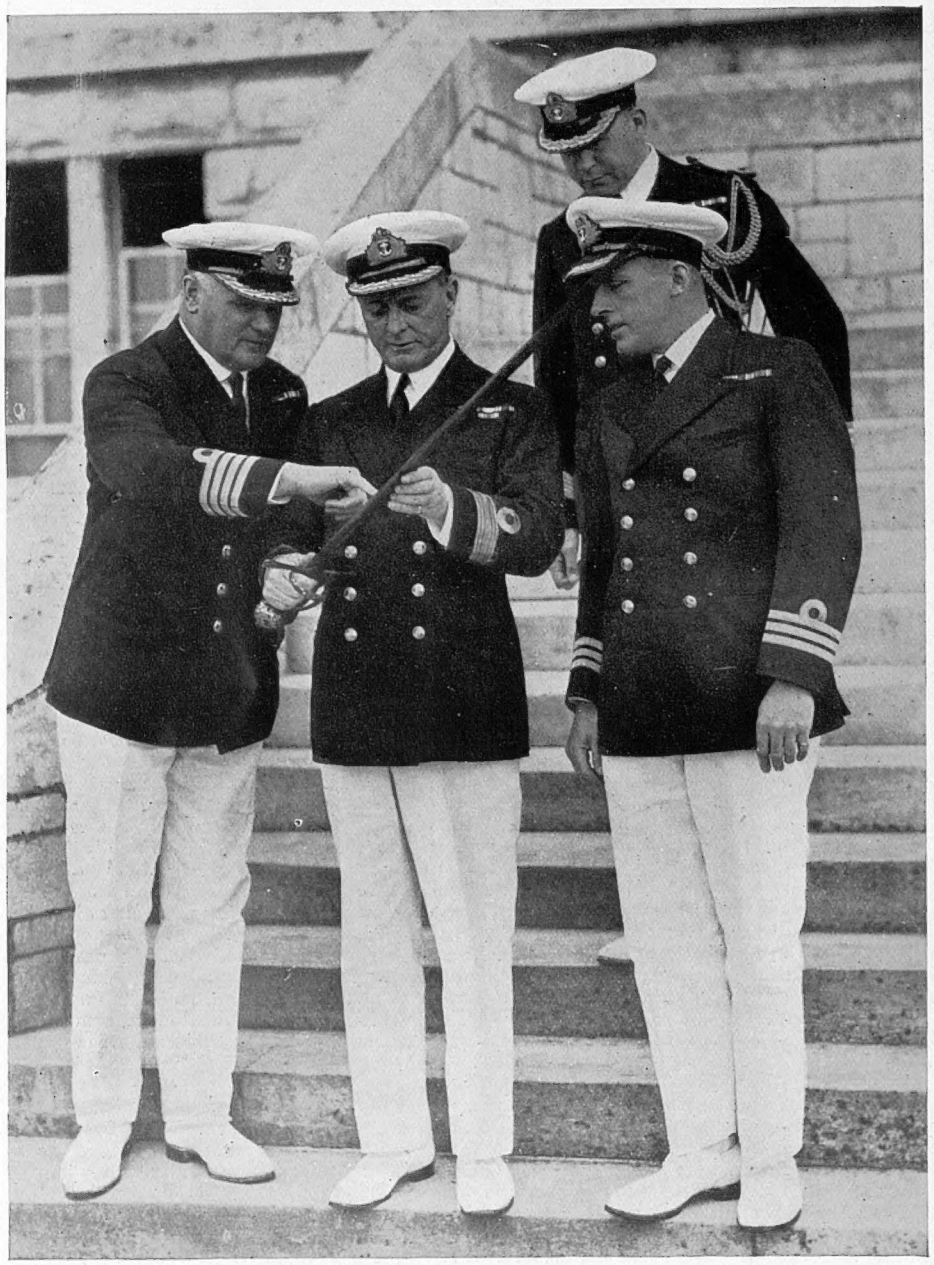
THE OLD STAGER

A TOUR OF THE WARDS: After inaugurating the Empire swimming pool and sports arena at Wembley last week, the Duke of Gloucester visited the local hospital and opened the new extensions which have been made at a cost of £9,000. He is seen here chatting with a young patient

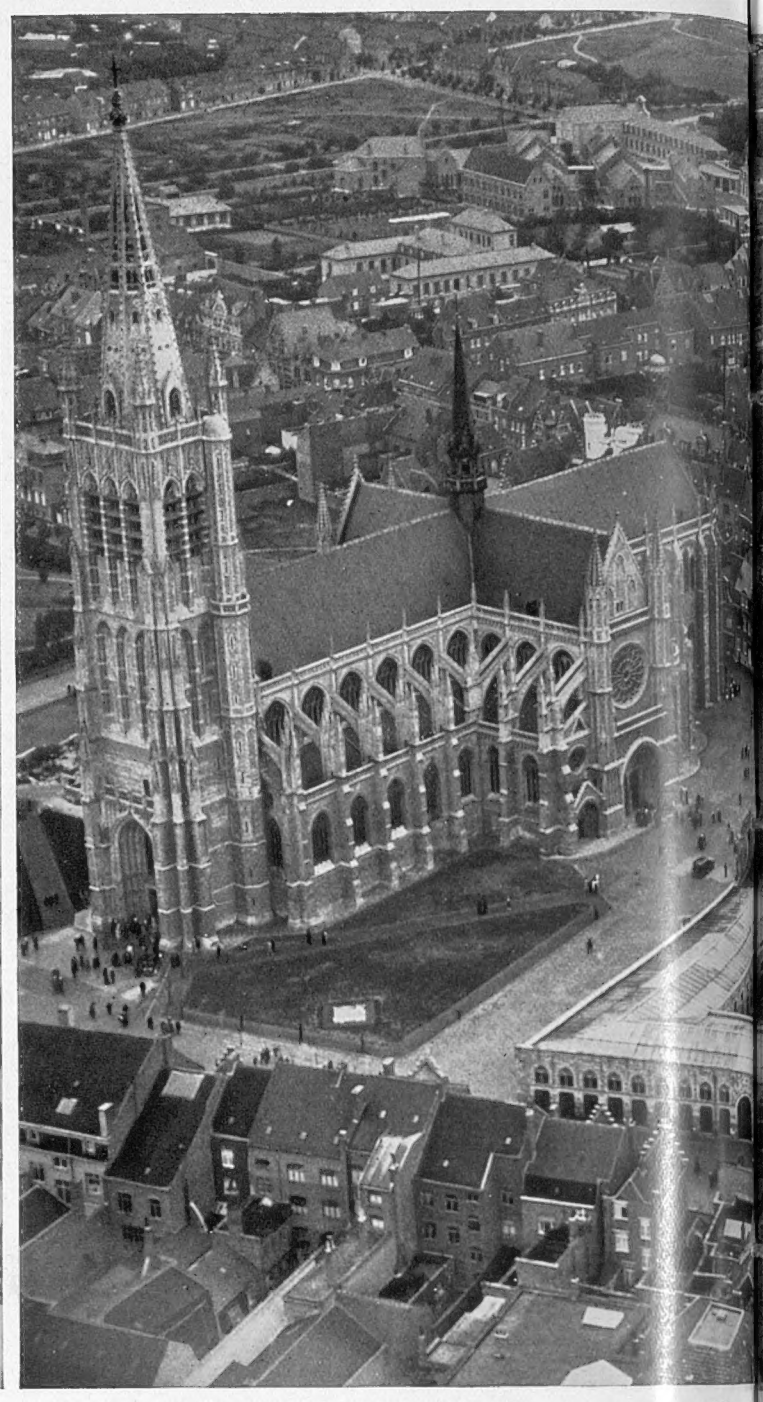


"MY DEEDS UPON MY HEAD": Flight-Lieutenant Geoffrey Tyson photographed from an accompanying aeroplane after he had flown the Channel upside down to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of Blériot's crossing from Calais to Dover in 1909. The flight was intended to show how easily the modern 'plane can be handled

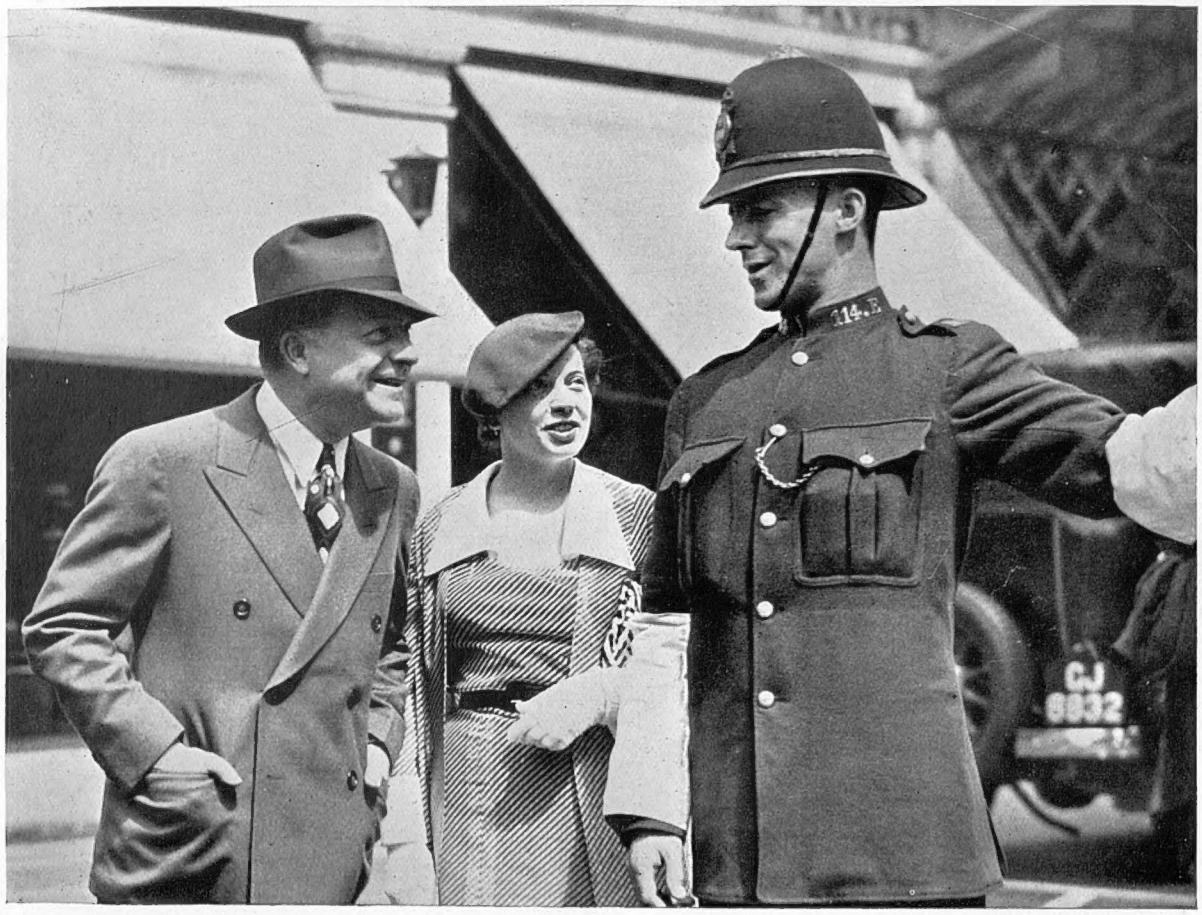
CURRENT HAPPENINGS



THE SWORD WHICH QUEEN ELIZABETH PRESENTED TO SIR FRANCIS DRAKE being inspected by Commodore R. H. O. Lane-Poole, Captain of the Barracks, Captain W. N. Custance, and Commander E. J. Nightingale after it had been brought from Portsmouth to Plymouth where it will now remain by permission of the owner, Mr. Godfrey Williams of Jersey



THE RESTORATION OF A ONCE STRICKEN CITY: An aerial view of Ypres new belfry which replaces the one reduced to ruins in the Great War. is just outside the picture on the right. Among a large number of British William Pulteney, who in 1914 commanded the



ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST HIGHLY PAID WIRELESS ENTERTAINERS: Mr. Charles J. Correll, better known as "Andy" of "Amos and Andy" fame, seen with his wife and a friendly policeman in London

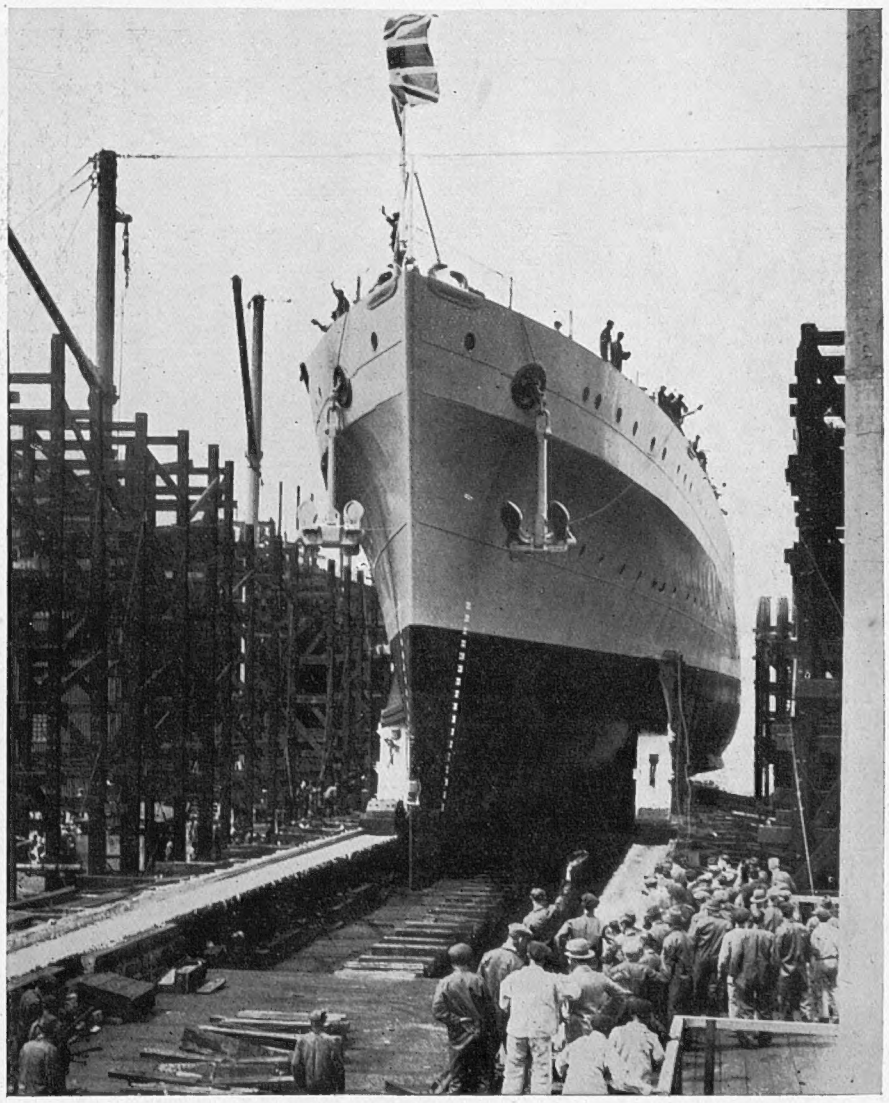
A NOVEL METHOD OF ENLISTING AID: When a and motorists are invited

at HOME and ABROAD

taken on ...e morning of the inauguration by King Leopold of Belgium of the ... The belfr... is in the centre, the Cathedral on the left, and the Menin Gate ... visitors w... attended were Countess Haig, Viscountess Plumer, and General Sir ... 3rd Army ...ps of the British Expeditionary Force

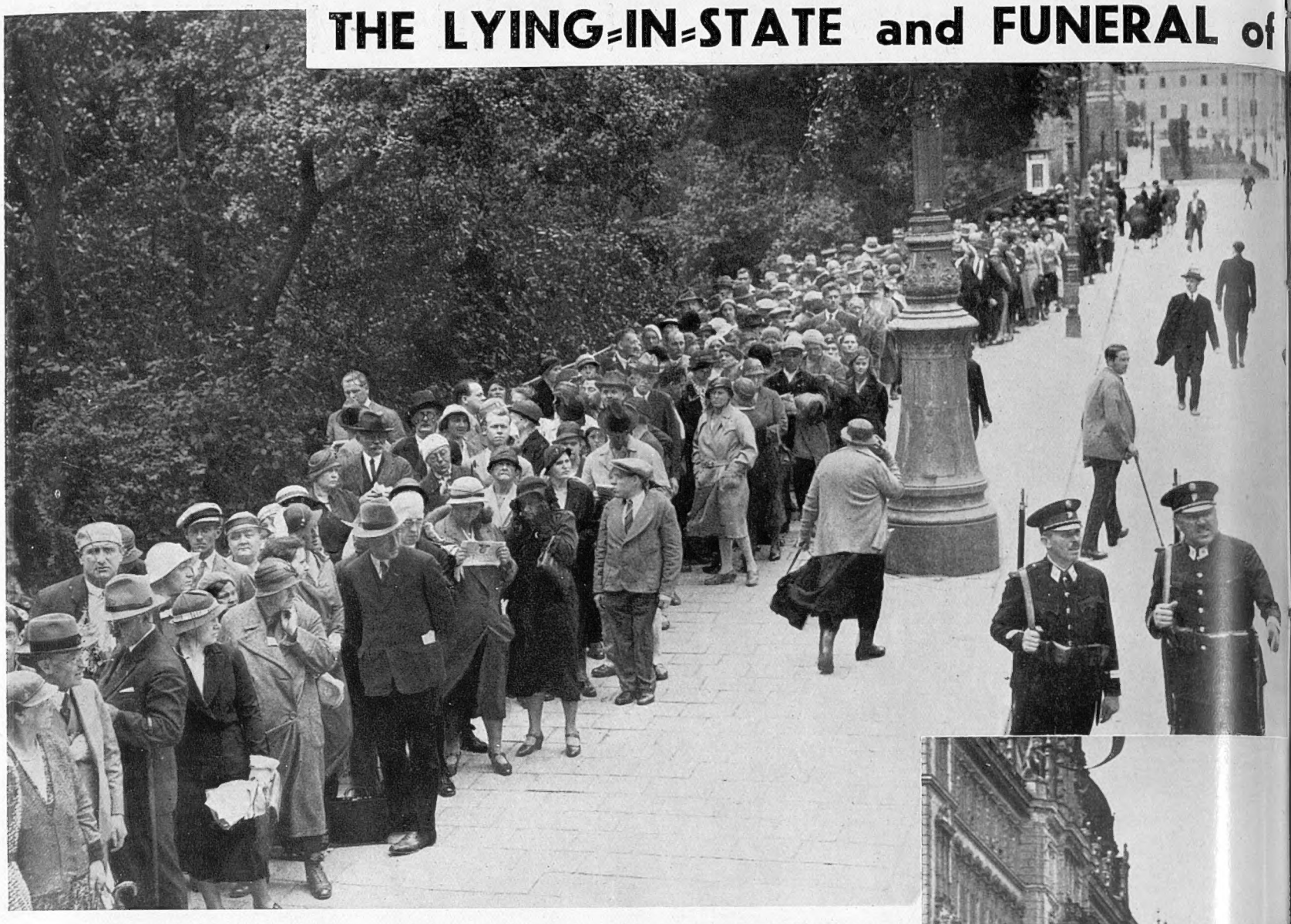
KING LEOPOLD AT YPRES: These children presented him with a magnificent casket bearing the arms of the town and containing a lace table-runner on which a representation of the new belfry had been worked

serious fire breaks out in the New Forest, banners are displayed by the roadside to assist in preventing the spread of the flames



BRITAIN'S LATEST CRUISER: H.M.S. *Amphion* leaving the slipway at Portsmouth Dockyard after she had been named by the Marchioness of Titchfield. She is a 7,000-ton ship with a speed of 32½ knots; she mounts eight 6 in. guns

THE LYING-IN-STATE and FUNERAL of

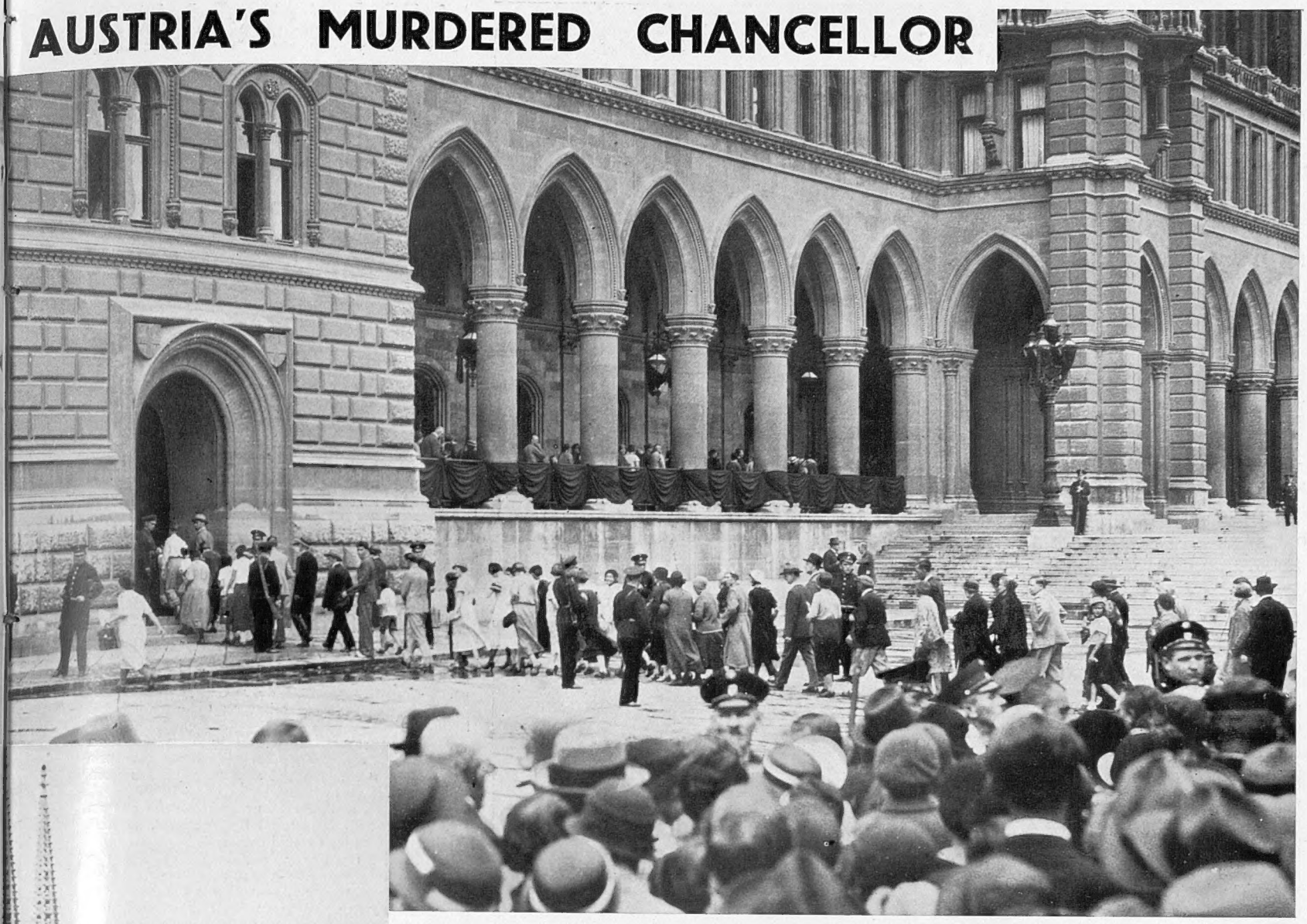


WAITING TO LOOK THEIR LAST ON THE DEAD LEADER: Thousands of Viennese, and many peasant folk who had trekked in from the country, queued up for hours near the City Hall and waited their turn to see the lying-in-state

A MILITARY FUNERAL: Guns drawn up outside the City Hall during the service. They afterwards followed in the procession to the cemetery at Hietzing, and a salute was fired over the grave

"HE LIVED FOR HIS COUNTRY, AND FOR IT HE sident, delivering a funeral oration in the Rathaus said, "prevented Austria from becoming the a Central European chaos. Not only did he save he sealed these

AUSTRIA'S MURDERED CHANCELLOR



THE SORROWING MULTITUDE: Mourners filing into the City Hall to pay their last respects to the late Chancellor. Nearly 250,000 people walked past the body

DIED A MARTYR": Herr Miklas, the Austrian President, at the funeral service in St. Stephen's Square prior to the interment. "Dr. Dollfuss," he declared, "died a martyr. He fought on the battlefield of Europe and from final extinction in Austria, but also the peace of Europe, and in the end acts with his blood"

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S TRIBUTE: Prince Starhemberg also delivered a funeral oration in which he made an oath that he, and all who stood behind him, would be faithful to their dead leader. The Prince, who is only thirty-four, is said to have been offered the post of Chancellor and to have refused it

THE NAZIS FOILED

A Day-to-Day Chronicle of Events in Austria

IN JUNE, 1914, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, was murdered at Sarajevo, and in July, 1934, Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, met a similar fate in Vienna.

Twenty years have elapsed between these two happenings, and during that time Austria has known neither prosperity nor real peace. But whereas the death of the Archduke was the spark that set fire to Europe and plunged the nations into four years of bitter war, there is a distinct possibility that the martyrdom of the little Chancellor will rally thousands of Austrians to the support of those who are seeking to carry on the work of national reconstruction which he so ably began.

To-day Austria's future is in the hands of two men, Chancellor von Schuschnigg, a close friend of Dr. Dollfuss and one who understood his every aim, and Prince Starhemberg, a fervent patriot with a tremendous following and unbounded courage. It is to be hoped that these two will be able to create order out of chaos.

Events in Austria have moved with such confusing swiftness during the past fortnight that it may be helpful to set down the various happenings in chronological order :

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18.—Dr. Dollfuss issued a drastic decree stating that all those found in possession of firearms after this date would be put to death. This was directed particularly against the Nazis, who thereupon decided to take action.

MONDAY, 23.—The Government got word that the Nazis were about to attack, and took the precaution of searching the sewers beneath Parliament and beneath the Chancellery. They also ordered the police to stand-to, and arrested and questioned a number of young Nazis who, as it happened, knew nothing definite of what was being planned.

TUESDAY, 24.—A Socialist named Josef Gerl was hanged for being in possession of firearms, and the judges were also ordered to pronounce death sentences on six Nazis who were then in custody on similar charges.

WEDNESDAY, 25.—A Cabinet meeting was held at 11 a.m., and three-quarters of an hour later a gang of Nazi assassins, disguised in army and police uniforms, held up the meeting at the point of the revolver. Dr. Dollfuss was led into another room and there shot by a man named Otto Planetta. He was allowed to bleed to death, and no attempt was made to get either a priest or a doctor.

Meanwhile the Vienna broadcasting station was seized and the announcer was forced to send out a message stating that Dr. Dollfuss had resigned and that Dr. Anton Rintelen, the former Austrian Ambassador in Rome, had taken his place. It was not until the evening, when the Government were beginning to get matters under control, that the people of Austria were informed by Major Fey that this was untrue.

THURSDAY, 26.—Italian troops were reported to be massing on the frontier in readiness to assist the Austrian Government in case of further trouble. All was quiet in Vienna, but the Nazis continued to put up a stubborn resistance in the provinces.

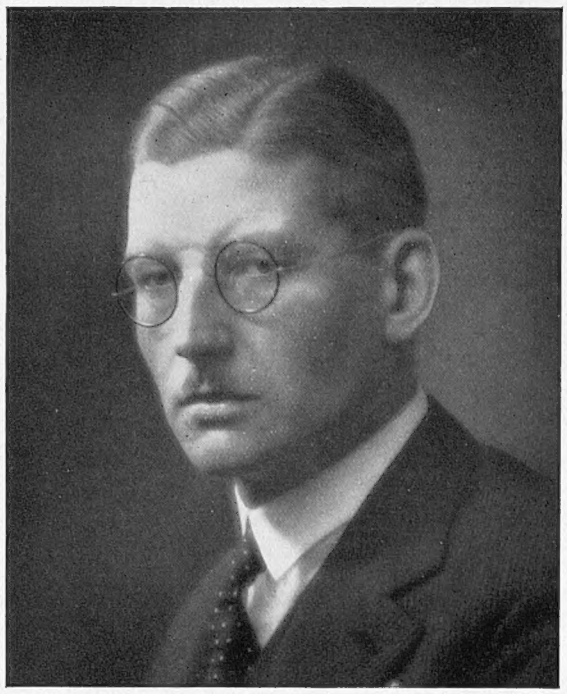
FRIDAY, 27.—Baron Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister in London, issued this statement :—Complete order has been restored in Austria, the authorities having the entire situation fully in hand, including the recent local disturbances in Styria. All the frontiers are open and the railway services are functioning normally.

SATURDAY, 28.—Funeral of Dr. Dollfuss.

MONDAY, 30.—At a special meeting of the Cabinet Dr. Schuschnigg, formerly Minister of Education, was made Chancellor. He announced that he would pursue the same policy as his predecessor. It was reported later that Prince Starhemberg was offered the post but refused it.

The New Chancellor

Herr Schuschnigg entered Parliament as a Christian Social Deputy in 1927, and immediately made a deep impression on account of his sincerity and the brilliance of his oratory. In 1932 he became Minister of Justice, and since then has been a member of the Cabinet. He has definite Monarchist sympathies.



AUSTRIA'S NEW CHANCELLOR : Dr. Schuschnigg, Minister of Education in the Dollfuss Cabinet, who now assumes the reins of power. He is thirty-six years old, was educated at Innsbruck University, and had a distinguished war record

THE PRESIDENT : Herr Miklas, who delivered a stirring oration at the funeral of Dr. Dollfuss

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR : Prince Starhemberg, who played a large part in quelling the revolt

HERR FRAUENFELD: His title is Inspector for Austria, and his principal duty is to carry on Nazi propaganda in Austria from his headquarters in Munich

DR. ANTON VON RINTELEN: The man whom the Nazis intended to make Chancellor and who attempted to commit suicide. He is stated to be recovering

JOSEF GERL: The Austrian Socialist, whose execution for being in possession of firearms was the indirect cause of the revolt

DR. RIETH : The German Minister in Vienna whom Hitler dismissed for interceding with the Austrian Government on behalf of the rebels

WINGS OVER LONDON

The Air Raid as Seen from a Southland Bomber

AGAINST the ghostly light of paraffin flares the machine stood quivering on the aerodrome, almost impatiently, like a huge animal, anxious to be off on its quest.

The engine roared, subsided, then rose to a deafening pitch, as we taxied over the ground, casting grotesque shadows in the jagged light of the flares.

We were off to "bomb" unsuspecting London now wrapped in night.

Heavy angry clouds hung in the sky as we rose, passed out over the twinkling lights of Ramsgate and headed north. For a time we followed the coast at a low altitude and then started to climb. Up, up, we climbed into a thin vapoury mist, which drifted by like clouds of steam.

It grew thicker as we ascended and soon earth and sky were obscured, and we travelled alone in a soft, woolly, featureless world. Gradually little pinpoints of light floated through holes in this cotton-wool world and we emerged from it to see a white moon floating over a fringe of black cloud.

The vapoury mist was now falling rapidly below and behind us. I looked down from the iron ring of the gunner's cock-pit and saw a crazy pattern of twinkling lights, etched on the black waste below us. We were droning over Cliftonville, whose residents were probably having their final stroll before retiring for the night.

We flew level for about half an hour, and then headed north across the sea to Ipswich. Our plan was to turn at Ipswich and approach London from the north-east.

We were now 8,000 ft. up and the sea was an oily waste, with occasional lights appearing and disappearing as we droned overhead.

Gradually the angry clouds subsided and the moon arose serene and white to ride in a clear sky. The coast-line was now discernible as a dark brown, irregular mass, which gave little clue as to the character of the country over which we were passing.

Here and there faintly reflected moonlight indicated swampy ground against the more evenly distributed silver mass of the sea.

WE WERE flying now in a perfectly clear sky, with moonlight flooding on our starboard side. It picked out the long fish-like body of the fuselage in front of me and the furred top of the pilot's cap in the nose of the machine. Its phosphorescent brightness dwarfed the thin tongue of blue flame from the exhaust pipe.

Another pattern of lights floated into view below us and gave way to the brown mass again. The lights of some lonely ship skirting the coast winked up at us.

Then we turned with the moon riding on our tail and headed for London. The brown mass below us changed to a purple hue, cut with the long white ribbon of roads. Our nose went up again and we climbed steadily, the earth below falling away into a dark indistinguishable mass, save for casual lights that pierced the blackness here and there.

Twisting the variable gun-ring into a more comfortable position, I leaned back and gave myself up to the beauty of the night. The peace of the calm still moonlight and the peculiar solitariness of my position in the gun-ring, which gave me a sense of detachment, made me forget the death-dealing influences of aircraft in war and I could only think of the beauty of night flying.

The night I had stood in a similar gun-ring eighteen years ago seemed like some far-away dream.

Awaking from my reverie, I looked down and saw a sprawling pageant of lights. London, our objective, hove into view. From a height of ten thousand feet it looked like a gigantic firework display. If all the lights went out it would disappear, I thought.

The winding line of the Thames was just faintly discernible. Over this we circled for a few minutes, before we registered the "bombing" of our objective, the I.C.I. Building.

Suddenly the machine lurched and slipped over on one wing to dodge a prying searchlight. Then with both engines in full blast we raced for home. Over Woolwich, Greenwich, Gravesend we dropped our altitude steadily until soon the fields of Kent were plainly discernible.

Little cottages, huddled in darkness, hove into view, then yellow cornfields and a gleaming line of metals, before we glimpsed the welcome lights of the aerodrome. We had been nearly four hours away on our quest.

We landed as we had started, to attention, between a row of paraffin flares and the machine drew up quivering, but controlled, like a well-trained animal on an invisible rein.

A "SPHERE" SURVEY: *News from Three Continents*

BRITAIN'S AMBASSADOR IN TOKYO: Sir Robert Clive standing with his wife outside the British Embassy before leaving to present his credentials to the Emperor Hirohito at the Imperial Palace. Sir Robert was formerly Minister to the Holy See

A MONARCHIST PARADE: Duke Max von Hohenberg, son of the Archduke Ferdinand who was murdered at Sarajevo in 1914, watching a march past of the Municipal Guard at St. Corona, Lower Austria. During the day he deputized for Prince Otto von Habsburg who was given the freedom of the town

JAPAN'S NEW PRIME MINISTER: Admiral Okada receiving newspaper representatives outside his Tokyo home a few hours after his appointment. His predecessor, Viscount Saito, resigned with the rest of his Cabinet as a result of a scandal which involved a number of leading politicians. *Left*—Captain Arthur Hemsley, a Londoner, who has been appointed inspector of the Saar Police Force—an onerous position in view of the unrest in the territory

A LINK WITH THE PAST DESTROYED: "Gordon's Tree," which stood on the banks of the Nile, near Khartum, was recently blown down in a sixty-mile-an-hour gale. It was so named because General Gordon frequently used to ride out to this spot to rest and meditate. *Right*—The tree as it was before the fatal gale. It was 3 ft. in diameter

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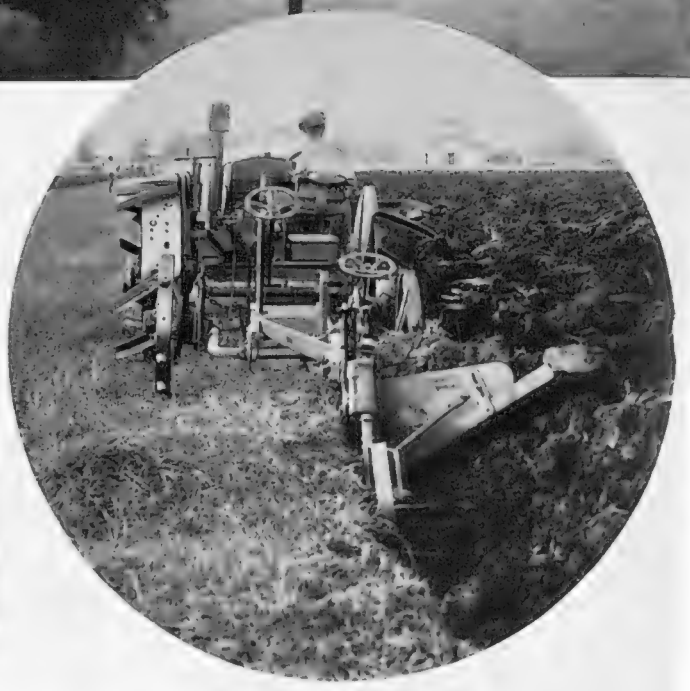
THE RECLAMATION of the PONTINE MARSHES

THE MOST CELEBRATED OF ALL ROMAN ROADS: A view of the Appian Way with the Alban Hills in the distance. Farther south this great highway cuts right through the heart of the reclaimed Pontine marshlands. *Right above*—The marshes as they were before the Italian Government started draining operations



DEEP PLOUGHING WITH A PAVESI TRACTOR after the land had been drained and cleared of undergrowth

THE AGRO PONTINA AS IT IS TO-DAY: The road which links the new town of Littoria with the Appian Way. Beside it can be seen some of the settlers' homes which stand on what was once a watery waste

DENSE SCRUB which had to be uprooted before cultivation could begin

ONE OF THE MANY DRAINAGE CANALS which prevent the Agro Pontina from returning to its former state

AWAITING CULTIVATION: A great tract of ploughed-up land. In some parts of the Agro Pontina the first wheat crops have already been grown, and a short while ago Signor Mussolini visited the reclaimed area and assisted some of the farmers with their harvesting

How a once Barren and Malaria-Stricken Area has been made Fit for Settlement

Before the rise of Fascism, thousands of Italians emigrated to the United States to share in the prosperity which that rapidly developing country was then enjoying. Many of the Italian farms were deserted, agriculture languished, and vast quantities of wheat had to be imported to feed the urban population.

When Mussolini came into power he determined to redeem the land and to make the people independent of foreign sources of grain supply. To-day his ideal has become a reality.

One of his most successful schemes has been the reclamation and settlement of the once malaria-stricken Pontine marshes, near Rome.

Here many hundreds of contented families have settled, towns have grown up, and already the first harvest from the once barren lands has been reaped and stored.

Cæsar, during his dictatorship, decided to reclaim the marshes, but his assassination prevented his plan being put into execution; Napoleon also tackled the problem, but before anything could be done he was defeated and exiled. Now, at last, Mussolini has succeeded.

The work was started in 1926. Since then canals have been built, the water has been drained from the marshes, and mountain streams have been diverted to prevent the land from once again becoming flooded. In 1931 the National Ex-Service Men's Association began the task of preparing the reclaimed area for settlement and cultivation. Thousands of acres of woods and thick undergrowth were cleared, partly by means of blasting,

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AMERICANA

A FRENCH HERO OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: The statue of the Comte de Rochambeau which American residents in Paris have presented to the City of Newport, Rhode Island. This distinguished soldier landed at Newport in 1780 with 6,000 French troops, and assisted Lafayette, Washington, and the American colonists in defeating the English forces

A POPULAR RENDEZVOUS AT THE CHICAGO FAIR where for 25 cents visitors can dine and dance in surroundings made to represent the artists' quarter in Paris. In these days of low bank balances, this is just about as far as most Americans are getting to the French capital

READY FOR AN EMERGENCY: Police using tear-gas bombs to quell the strikers in San Francisco, equipped themselves and their horses with gas masks. This officer is parading near the waterfront, where much of the recent rioting took place

HIGH ABOVE MANHATTAN: A view from the new Federal Courts building in New York. *Left*—A workman "riding" the derrick on another of the city's skyscrapers

LIONIZED: As an experiment a number of lions were let loose in an arena at El Monte, California, in which were placed a car and several dummy figures. In seven minutes the car was on its side, and the dummies were torn to pieces

FOUR-AND-A-HALF YEARS FOR FRAUD: Mr. Joseph W. Harriman (centre), former head of the Harriman National Bank and Trust Co., leaving the Federal Court, New York, after he had been found guilty of misappropriating funds and falsifying records

THE 33,000-TON BATTLESHIP RODNEY steaming into Plymouth to prepare for Navy Week. One of the principal attractions offered to visitors will be trips in the *Golden Hind*, a half-size model of the famous vessel in which Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the globe. There will also be a mimic battle between a cruiser, a destroyer, and a submarine

PAGEANTRY AT PORTSMOUTH: Rehearsing for the Naval Tattoo which will be staged near Nelson's *Victory*. One of the episodes will depict the changes that have taken place in naval dress since the time of King Alfred

SETTING THE PARAVANE: This are caught in its scissor-like

LIFE IN THE SERVICE: *Above*—Scrubbing down decks. *Above on right*—"ALL HANDS LASH UP AND STOW": The boatswain's cry

Just once a year the public flocks down to Portsmouth, Chatham, and Plymouth, and sees the great warships it has paid for—via the income-tax collector. It invariably comes back impressed, for the senior service, in spite of its stern discipline, appears to produce men with a sense of the dramatic. At any rate there is drama in plenty during Navy Week. Mimic battles, demonstrations of life saving, massed bands, and a host of other attractions

NAVY WEEK

at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham

(August 4–11)

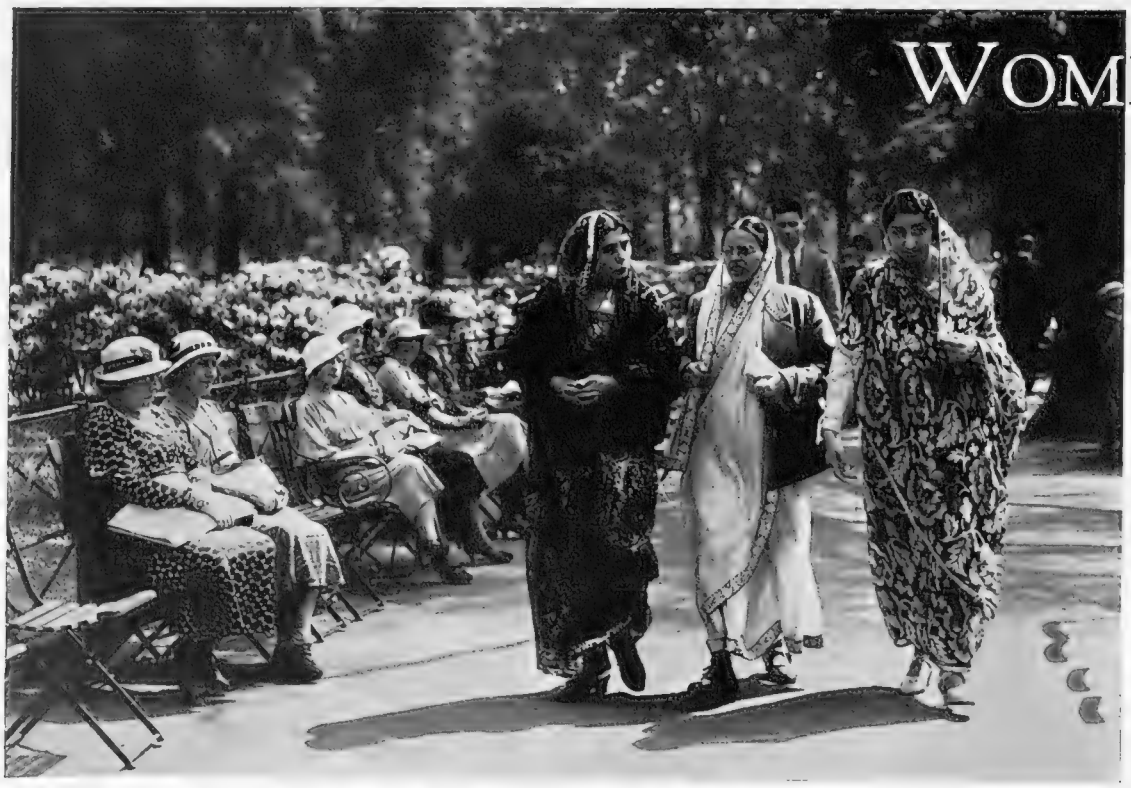
ONE CROWDED HOUR OF CEASELESS ACTIVITY: H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, the former flagship of the Grand Fleet. During Navy Week at Portsmouth her crew will give a sixty minutes' demonstration of incidents in a sailor's life. Among other things it will be shown how quickly a boat can be lowered to rescue a man who has fallen overboard

apparatus is towed by a ship in order to destroy enemy mines the wires of which jaws and severed. The mines then float to the surface and are blown up by gunfire

which brings the men from their hammocks

make a day in one of the dockyards unforgettable. Features this year will be the great Naval Tattoo at Portsmouth and the appearance of the *Golden Hind* at Plymouth.

BEAUTIFYING BRITANNIA: The famous figurehead which once adorned the bows of one of Nelson's battleships and which is now preserved at Chatham. Visitors to this dockyard during Navy Week will be invited to try their hand at using an anti-aircraft gun, and prizes will be awarded to the best marksmen



WOMEN OF INDIA

Differences in Types which all Look Alike to the Occidental

By C. HANDLEY

INDIA IN LONDON: Three colourfully dressed Hindu women out for a stroll in Hyde Park

The very essence of the teaching which forms the heriage of all Oriental women, is expressed, I think, in those words from Antigone, which—being translated—read:

"But we must reflect first that we were born a woman, not such as to strive against men: and then, that as we are ruled by them that are the stronger—we must obey in these things, and in things yet sorer . ."

This principle—with all its attendant factors—has, till very recent years, kept India's women from the public eye. Even nowadays, when many have gradually combated the evils of the purdah system, the lack of education, the obstacles put in their way by the men of the country (in whose eyes women have never been more than chattels, bearers of children, and keepers of the house at best—in the lower classes, simply slaves) comparatively few appear in public.

Yet gradually they are, happily—or unhappily—casting off the yoke. The inroad of Western thought and feeling has filtered through the purdah lattices; the voice of the Occident been heard, both in the labyrinthine passages of palaces, and the shuttered rooms of Hindu houses.

With each succeeding year their inmates are becoming more seen—more heard of.

SEEN AT THE DERBY: To those who do not know India, it is difficult to differentiate between the various feminine types. This woman can be recognized as a Parsee on account of her muslin overblouse

THERE is no longer anything strange in the sight of an Indian lady walking in Piccadilly—attending the Royal garden party—or even dancing at the May Fair Hotel.

Even so, how little is known of them. To even the well-educated Britisher they are all grouped under the title "Indian Lady"—no matter what their class or caste. Few, if any, can differentiate between Parsee or Mahratti, high caste Brahmin or Bengali, so little is known of them and their ways.

Each wears a sari—the ubiquitous garment of all Indian women no matter what their estate. A length of material measuring many yards; of shaded silk or bright-hued cotton—flowered voile and spangled gauze; worn in a varied manner of ways, but ending, almost universally, in a length hanging loosely over the head as a veil.

It is according to the other differences in their apparel that one may judge their type and state.

The Parsee woman (of Persian origin and more easily recognizable) invariably wears a lace, frilled muslin, or embroidered overblouse, almost of skirt length.

A circle all their own, they resemble, in many ways, the Jewish society that is to be found in the larger cities of Europe without, in many cases, the Jewish respect for learning and artistic values. The difference between the two races is further emphasized by the Parsees' extreme partiality for a Westernized mode of life.

From amongst those who have, for generations, reposed on inherited wealth, come the Parsee women whom England sees. Attractive by their beauty, education, and rational freedom.

Those who remain in India—the great majority—are apt to be attracted by sentimental Western novels, upon which they base their outlook on life. Marriage, on the other hand, is never discussed until the solidity of the prospective husband's income is assured.

The purdah system was copied by the Hindu from the Muhammadan; originally as a safeguard. For with the invasion from the North, the complete veiling of the invader's womenfolk put the Hindu peoples of India at a disadvantage. Being a comparatively recently acquired custom, it has been easier for the Hindu world to throw off the veil than for the Muhammadan.

PARSEE WOMEN arriving at a garden party. However Westernized the rest of their dress may become they invariably wear the long, flowing sari

It is almost invariably a Hindu or Parsee woman whom one meets with in our English streets. London has known a few exceptions; but, even amongst Royalty, they are extremely rare. Last October the Mussalman Princess Yousuf Begum Khan of Toru was in London; and the heir to the Nizam of Hyderabad (whose womenfolk are all strictly purdah) has married a Turkish Princess, who is herself—after the modern manner of her country—unveiled.

But these are a few exceptions. For the rest that one sees in England are a scattered handful of moneyed Bengalis from Calcutta and the Punjab, Mahrattis from the Bombay Presidency, Madrassis, and a very few Brahmins. The latter go bare-headed—with sometimes a flower in the sleek knot of hair on the nape of their necks—in dark reds and blues and purples.

A scarlet or white caste mark in the centre of their foreheads. These hold themselves higher in the social and spiritual scale of India than all others.

But what of the rest? Those we do not see. Strange and divers types.

Dancing girls from the North, in their embroidered tunics and long wide pantaloons, or tight satin trousers and full muslin petticoats.

The jungle women from Central India, living their lives in little isolated hamlets, completely cut off from sight or sound of the outside world. Preoccupied with the growth of crops and the preservation of their few goats and cattle from marauding tiger and panther. Their lives a little round of work, eating, and sleeping.

The wandering gipsy tribes of Mysore and Southern India, as continually on the move as any tribe of Bedouin Arabs, and twice as colourful, with their gay scarves and quantities of barbaric jewellery.

The inhabitants of those vast areas of Central India. The Jats-Hindu agriculturists who excel in husbanding the land, and whose unveiled women are in the fields helping their men all day. Or the Rangars, that small community of original Hindus—forcibly converted to Muhammadanism after the invasion of Delhi—whose women are all strictly purdah; a condition upheld despite its many aspects of futility. For unlike the Jats, these Rangar women are not allowed in the fields, and though before marriage (which occurs at a very young age) they are considered inviolate in their own village, they must afterwards wear the "burka"—the head dress for purdah women—continually, and may only be seen in their own household by the younger male relatives of their husbands.

One may always tell the religion on approaching one of these country hamlets by the condition of the surrounding cultivation.

IN THE CASE of a Hindoo community a goodly show of crops is invariable; whereas in that of a Muhammadan, a small patch of green is all that rewards the eye of the tired traveller. But the honour of the women has been preserved, one must remember, in itself surely a bright enough consolation for poverty.

There are a thousand different classes and castes and types I might quote. All "Indians," yet all intrinsically different. One fact alone bands them together as racial "sisters."

In India, amongst all sects and classes, to a woman marriage is everything. The conversation in a household—heard from childhood—is of marriage, money, and the birth of

(Continued on p. 200)

PRINCESS YOUSUF BEGUM KHAN: One of the few Muhammadan women who have visited London

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by the Sea

CALM WATERS AND YELLOW SANDS

IDLE HOURS ON THE SHORE

A holiday picture from Shanklin, Isle of Wight

KNITTING AND TANNING

HEAT WAVE WEAR AT MARGATE: A smart beach suit and a large solar topee. Note the great length of the cigarette holder

Right—A NOVEL CRAFT AT CROMER: This unusual motor-boat has been made by a twenty-one-year-old electrician. It is driven by an air and a water-screw and also has sails

A GIANT BATHING POOL: A recent addition to the amenities of New Brighton, Cheshire, where over £500,000 is being spent on improvements

AT SALTDEAN: The entrance to the tunnel which has been bored through the cliffs in order to allow visitors to reach the beach without crossing the main Newhaven–Brighton highway

BRIGHTON'S NEW SEA WATER SWIMMING STADIUM, which is claimed to be the largest of its kind in the world. It has seating accommodation for over 2,000 spectators, a fully licensed restaurant, a buffet, and hairdressing rooms

SPENDING TO ATTRACT

Improvement Schemes at Britain's Holiday Resorts

Big improvement schemes costing several millions of pounds are taking place at seaside towns all round the country. Encouraged by signs of reviving trade the authorities concerned are doing everything in their power to make the resorts even more attractive for visitors. The following notes give some idea of the development that is taking place.

BRIGHTON.—A new swimming stadium, known as the S.S. Brighton, has been constructed in West Street. It has seating accommodation for over 2,000 spectators, and it is hoped in the future to stage aquatic sports there on a large scale. In addition a big sea-water bath is to be built at Black Rock at a cost of £100,000, while neighbouring Rottingdean is to have an £8,000 swimming pool.

BLACKPOOL.—£50,000 is now being spent here on the extension of the promenade, while there is to be a new ballroom at the Tower, and a covered bath and sun lounge on North Promenade.

SOUTHEND.—£40,000 is being spent on a 3-mile trolley route along the sea front, while alterations are to be made to the pier and foreshore. At Westcliff, nearby, there will be a new bathing pool, and the cliffs are to be illuminated from the middle of August until October.

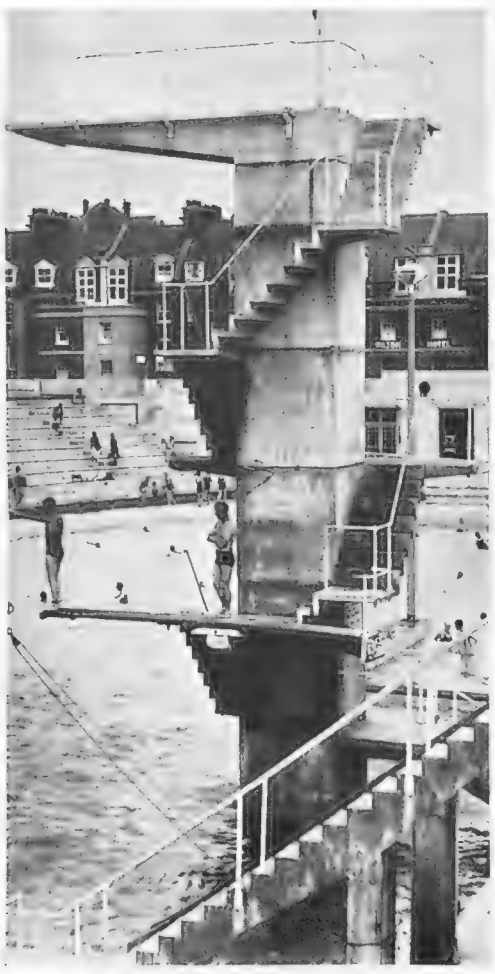
DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.—Six acres of new promenade are being constructed at a cost of £175,000, while a new pier and a viaduct are to be built. Improvements to the roads on the island will involve the expenditure of another £70,000.

NEW BRIGHTON.—The principal attractions here are the open air swimming pool near the sea, and the new public gardens. An area of 40 acres has been enclosed and reclaimed from the foreshore by the construction of a wall containing over 50,000 cubic yds. of mass concrete.

COLWYN BAY.—A new pavilion has been opened and there is also a new swimming pool and a sun-bathing terrace. Alterations to the promenade and other improvements are costing about £30,000.

LLANDUDNO.—£50,000 is being spent on a theatre, an amusement centre, and other improvements.

MORECAMBE.—The Winter Gardens are to be modernized at a cost of £15,000, and £25,000 will be spent on a Pier Pavilion.



A CONCRETE DIVING TOWER at the Hastings open-air swimming pool

WHERE IT'S NICE TO BE BESIDE THE SEASIDE EVEN WHEN IT RAINS: The new covered-in promenade at Hastings. Holiday-makers have not had to use it much this season

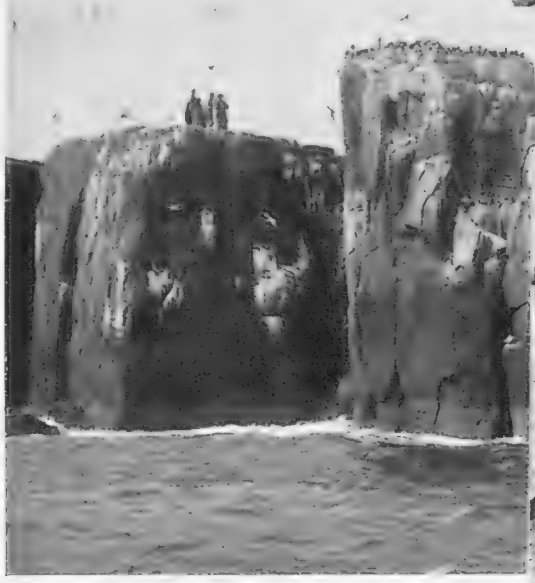
BEAUTY PARADES: Another picture taken at Hastings a few days ago

LINDISFARNE AND THE FARNE ISLANDS

A Centre of Interest for Ornithologists and Students of History

A FISHERMAN'S HUT ON LINDISFARNE: This island, which is near Bamburgh, Northumberland, has had a stirring history, and it was here that St. Aidan established himself in the seventh century when he introduced Christianity to Northern England. In the background of this picture can be seen the old castle which has been restored by Sir Edwin Lutyens

LANDING ON ONE OF THE FARNE ISLANDS: Boatloads of sightseers visit the district in the summer to see the remains of the famous Benedictine Priory and to study the bird life

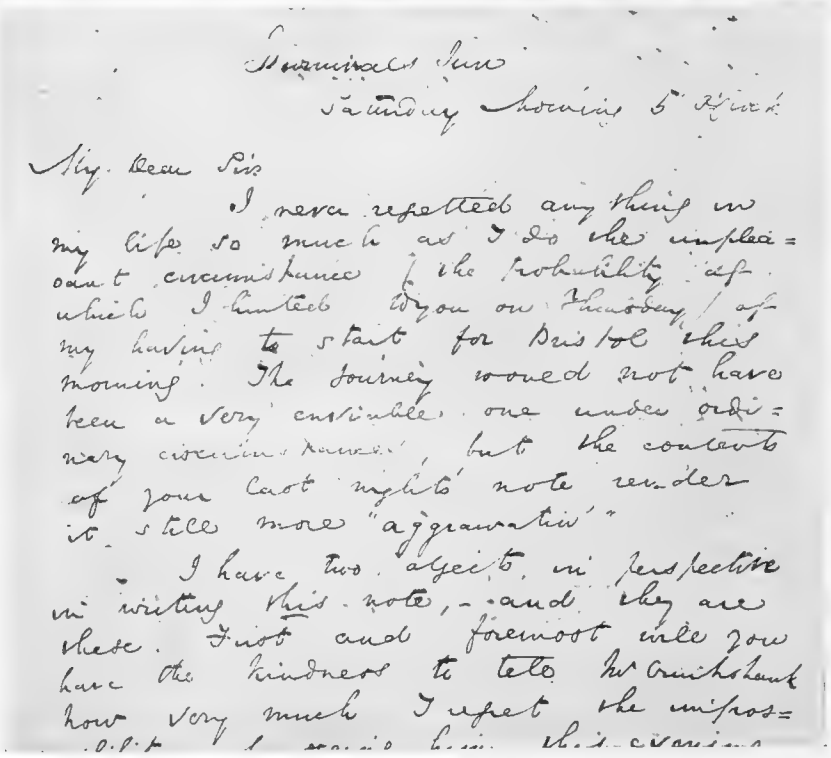


BIRD SANCTUARY OFF THE NORTHUMBRIAN COAST: Two pictures taken in the Farne group. *Left*—Kittiwakes nesting on a cliff. *Right*—The Pinnacle Rocks, a centre of bird-life on the islands

A CORMORANT ON HER NEST AND A GUILLEMOT GUARDING HER EGG: Two types of diving bird found in the Farne Islands. The guillemot lays her solitary egg on the bare rock and the male assists her in hatching it

A RARE SIGHT: Kittiwakes nesting on window ledges at Aalesund, Norway

A CALIFORNIAN TREASURE HOUSE: The Huntington Library (right) which contains about 200,000 books, several thousand manuscripts, and 600 letters by Charles Dickens. The building on the left was at one time the home of Henry E. Huntington; it is now an art gallery



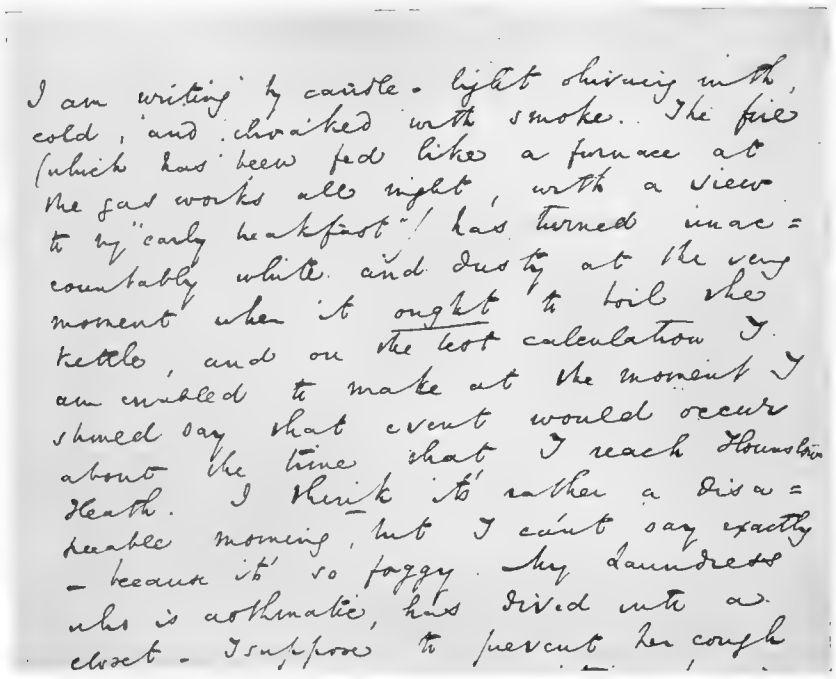
Furnivals Inn
Saturday Morning 5 o'clock

My Dear Sir

I never regretted anything in my life so much as I do the unpleasant circumstance (the probability of which I hinted to you on Thursday) of my having to start for Bristol this morning. The journey would not have been a very enviable one under ordinary circumstances, but the contents of your last night's note render it still more "aggravatin'"

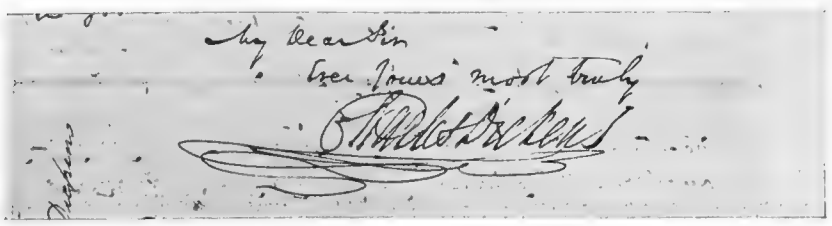
I have two objects in perspective in writing this note, — and they are these. First and foremost will you have the kindness to tell Mr Cruikshank how very much I regret the impossibility of seeing him this evening

DICKENS WRITES TO HIS PUBLISHERS regretting that he has to make a journey to Bristol and will, therefore, not be able to meet Mr. Cruikshank, the illustrator. The letter is dated 1835



I am writing by candle-light shivering with cold, and choaked with smoke. The fire (which has been fed like a furnace at the gas works all night, with a view to my "early breakfast") has turned unaccountably white and dusty at the very moment when it ought to boil the kettle, and on the test calculation I am enabled to make at the moment I should say that event would occur about the time that I reach Hounslow Heath. I think it's rather a disagreeable morning, but I can't say exactly — because it's so foggy. My Laundress who is asthmatic, has dived into a closet — I suppose to prevent her cough

A HUMAN DOCUMENT: Another page from Dickens's letter to his publishers in which he gives an amusing account of his misery on a cold and foggy morning



My Dear Sir
Ever Yours most truly
Charles Dickens

THE AUTHOR'S AUTOGRAPH: Dickens always signed his name with a highly complicated flourish

THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, at San Marino, California, though very young in years, has already acquired a world-wide fame.

Situated in a beautiful estate of over 200 acres, it houses the marvellous library of the late Mr. Henry Huntington, who had made it the aim of his life to acquire rare and famous books. This private library, the collection of one man, contains about 200,000 printed books, the greater part of which possess the saleroom value of scarcity; about 4,000 manuscript volumes, apart from a great quantity of autograph letters and documents. It boasts the possession of the largest assemblage of English books printed before 1641, to be found anywere outside England; is the proud owner of the Gutenberg Bible; has a fine Shakespeare collection; and owns a vast amount of material connected with the American Civil War, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

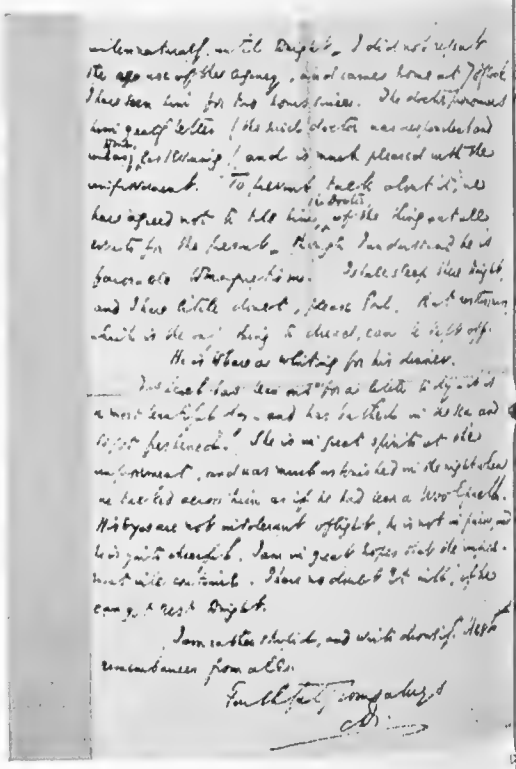
A GREAT VICTORIAN WHOSE WORKS LIVE ON: Charles Dickens at his desk

But it is with the autograph letters that English people will be particularly interested, and readers of THE SPHERE will remember that a few months ago when the matter of a set of letters of Charles Dickens, hitherto unpublished, came into the news, that a list of the places where Dickens's letters were preserved was printed in these pages. One of these collections, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, has already been dealt with, and now through the courtesy of the librarian we are able to give some reproductions of the actual letters of the celebrated author in the Huntington Library.

The earliest of the three letters, which have been photographed especially for THE SPHERE, is dated 1835, and was written from Furnival's Inn, where Dickens was then living. It is addressed to his first publisher, Mr. John Macrone, who had just bought the copyright of the *Sketches by Boz*, which had been appearing at intervals in

A Friend in Need

Right — A letter written by Dickens to his printer, Evans, in which he describes the illness of John Leech, the artist:— "Leech continued pretty much the same until early yesterday evening, when he became worse, and complaining afresh of the pain in his head. I was there from 8 until half-past 10, and sharing the terrible restlessness of his condition, and knowing the utter impossibility of his getting better, and the moral certainty of his getting worse, unless he could fall asleep, suggested that it might be well to mesmerize him. As neither he nor Mrs. Leech were anything but anxious that it should be done, on my assurance that it could not possibly do any harm . . . at half-past 2 this morning he knocked me up, and I went there. His restlessness had become most distressing, and it was quite impossible to get him to maintain any one position for five minutes. He was like a ship in distress, in a sea of bedclothes. In the difficulty of getting at him, and of doing the thing with any reasonable effect, at first in a dark room, it was more than half-an-hour before I could so far tranquilize him (by the magnetism I mean), as to keep him composed awake for five minutes together. Then that effect began, and he said he felt comfortable and happy . . ."



unless naturally until Dright. I did not repeat the agonies of the agency, and came home at 7 o'clock. I have seen him for two hours since. The doctor pronounces him greatly better (the brick doctor was responsible and unless [illegible] last evening) and is much pleased with the improvement. To prevent talk about it, we have agreed not to tell him the doctor of the thing at all events for the present, though I understand he is favorable to magnetism. I shall sleep there Dright, and I have little doubt, please God, that restoring which is the only thing to thread, can be kept off.

He is where a whiting for his dinner.

[illegible] has been out for a little to dry — it is a most beautiful day — and has bathed in the sea and so got freshened. She is in great spirits at the improvement, and was much astonished in the night when we backed across him as if he had been a wood-bath. His eyes are not intolerant of light, he is not in pain, and he is quite cheerful. I am in great hopes that the improvement will continue. I have no doubt it will, if he can get rest Dright.

I am rather stupid, and write drowsily. Best remembrances from all.

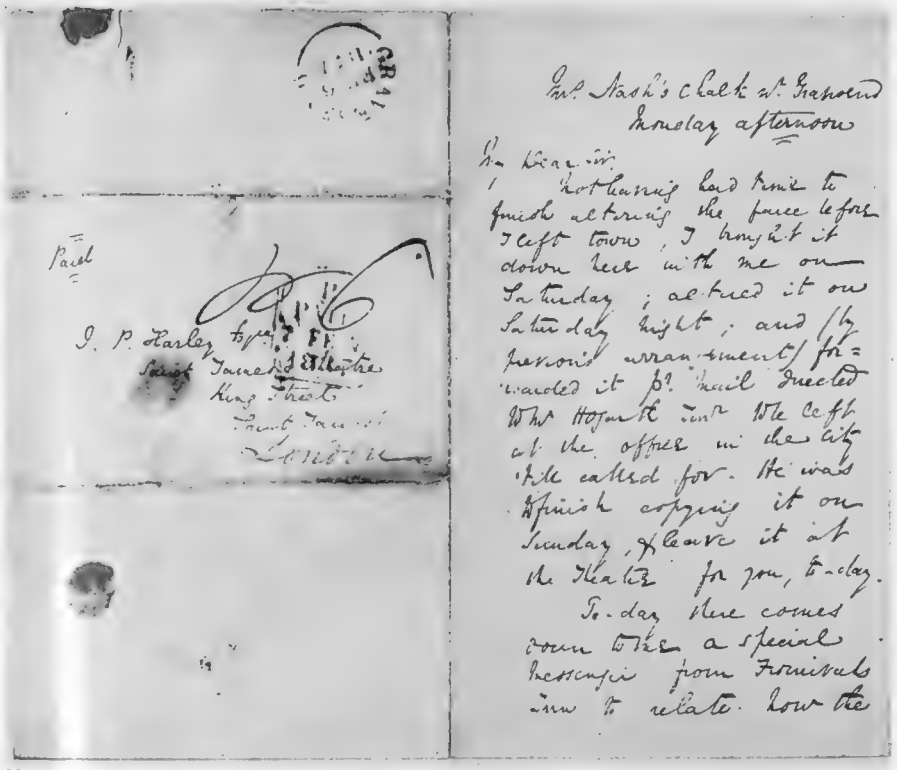
Truthful Compatriots
Dickens

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS

A Valuable Collection in the Huntington Library at San Marino, California

periodical form in the *Monthly Magazine* and the *Evening Chronicle*. In it he describes his disappointment at not being able to meet Mr. Cruikshank, who was then doing the illustrations for Boz, and goes on in characteristic style moment when it *ought* to boil the kettle, and on the best calculation I am enabled to make at the moment I should say that event would occur about the time I reach Hounslow Heath."

Macrone, the publisher, made a good bargain when he paid the young author, then twenty-four years old, £150 for the copyright of *Sketches by Boz*, which sold excellently. Dickens became bitterly annoyed with him when he proposed issuing the "Sketches" in a new edition in the precise size and form of *The Pickwick Papers*, then coming out and creating a great success. Nothing would induce Macrone to give up the scheme and he only consented to sell the copyright back to Dickens and Chapman and Hall, the publishers of *The Pickwick Papers*, at the exorbitant price of £2,000.



CORRECTING HIS MANUSCRIPT: A letter from Dickens to J. P. Harley referring to the play which the latter was about to produce for him at the St. James's Theatre. It was called *Is She His Wife?* and was presented on March 6, 1837, just one month after the above letter was written

The second letter, dated February 6, 1837, was addressed from "Mrs. Nash's, Chalk, near Gravesend," where Dickens was staying with his young wife and infant son, then a month old. Chalk was in the Gravesend district, that part of Kent so much loved by Dickens, who used it many times in his books, particularly in *Great Expectations*. He went there for his simple honeymoon, and again after the birth of his son, before moving to Doughty Street. The letter was to Mr. J. P. Harley at St. James's Theatre, for whom he had previously written a farce, founded on one of his Boz sketches.

The play to which he refers in the letter is thought to be *Is She His Wife?* which was produced at St. James's the following month.

The third letter, dated September 25, 1849, written to Evans, his printer, gives a very interesting account of the serious illness of John Leech, the artist, who had been injured when bathing, an accident which brought on congestion of the brain.

At this time Dickens was staying with his family at Bonchurch, on the Isle of Wight, lured from his devotion to Kent by his desire to be near a great friend, the Rev. James White. At first Dickens was much attracted by Bonchurch, saying, "there are views which are only to be equalled on the Genoese shore of the Mediterranean"; but as time went on the soft climate depressed him and he wrote to John Forster with humorous exaggeration, "Of all the places I ever have been in, I have never been in one more difficult to exist in, pleasantly. Naples is hot and dirty, New York feverish, Washington bilious, Genoa exciting, Paris rainy—but Bonchurch, smashing. I am quite convinced that I should die here in a year. It's not hot, it's not close. I don't know what it is, but the prostration of it is *awful*."

Letter writing came easily to Dickens, and his correspondents were many; but it is almost startling to learn that there are about 600 letters of his in the Huntington Library, including letters to George H. Lewis, Washington Irving, Georgina Hogarth (his much-loved sister-in-law), Maria Beadnell Winter (his first love), Sir Arthur Helps, and W. H. Wills, his sub-editor for *Household Words*.

B. H.

A ROOM IN THE HUNTINGTON ART GALLERY containing a beautiful Beauvais tapestry and a valuable collection of Louis XV furniture

IN AN IDEAL SETTING: A gallery in the Huntington library showing the glass cases in which some of the rarer books and manuscripts are displayed

KEEPING LONDON CLEAN

How 2,000,000 Tons of Refuse are Collected and Disposed of Every Year

By CHARLES GRAVES

LONDON has deservedly the reputation of being the cleanest city in Europe.

This is not a fluke. Over 2,000,000 tons of ashes, cinders, rubbish, filth, dust, dirt, mud, and road sweepings are collected and disposed of in various ways each year. In Elizabethan and Jacobean times London was like a modern Eastern town. Kites and ravens were protected birds and perched on piles of refuse in the streets. Pigs grew fat on offal. Thousands of dogs ran about. Even the great plague had no real effect on the authorities. In 1666, at the time of the great fire, there was an organization in existence which enabled householders to put refuse on laystalls—temporary dumps—for collection later. It is true, too, that all the Wards of the City had their scavengers—an ancient but quite honorary post. Isaak Walton was one. But most citizens nominated to the job gave plate to the City Fathers to be excused the duty. Their oath began: "Ye shall swear that ye shall diligently oversee that the pavements within your Ward be well and sufficiently repaired and not made too high in noysance of your neighbours, and that the ways, streets, and lanes, be cleansed of dung and all manner of filth for honesty of this City."

The men who really did the work, though most inefficiently, were the rakers, who ultimately became the paid servants of the Commissioners of Sewers. In 1885 came the Metropolis Management Act, but even up to 1894 there were tipping yards inside the county.

WHEN THE DUSTMAN RANG A BELL TO ANNOUNCE HIS APPROACH: A reproduction from a coloured engraving in W. H. Pyne's book on *The Costume of Great Britain* which was published in 1804. In a note accompanying the picture Pyne says "Time has brought to light that industry, aided by experiment, can turn everything to advantage, and that rubbish and filth, the former pests of the city, are now become a source of utility and wealth. The people who perform the duties of scavenger and dustman now pay a sum of money for the contract, and for being allowed the exclusive privilege of carting away the rubbish"

TO-DAY huge quantities are sent off to different counties, including Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire. Nearer home Dagenham, South Hornchurch, Romford, Rainham, and Becontree are the chief victims of dumping. To-day, in order to collect house refuse and trade refuse, 64,000,000 calls are paid every year at 750,000 premises. This results in the collecting of 1,000,000 tons of house refuse and 72,000 tons of trade refuse at a cost of over £600,000 a year. To give an idea of the quantity, this amount would cover the whole of St. James's Park at a uniform level of 27 ft.

But where does it go to? Well, 400,000 tons are sent in a crude state to riverside dumps, 130,000 tons go to railway side dumps, about the same amount goes to brickfields, 53,000 tons go to canal side dumps. Of the rest, 700,000 tons are sent in a prepared state to brickfields and 300,000 tons are incinerated or pulverized. The nearest river dump is fourteen miles from London Bridge. The canal side dumps are on the Grand Junction Canal. The railway side dumps are mostly in Hertfordshire.

Something will have to be done about all of them, according to the residents in these various localities, because they are bad for flies, rats, and smell. It was four years ago that Mr. J. C. Dawes, Inspector of Public Cleansing at the Ministry of Health, brought out an exhaustive report of many thousands of words on the subject. As a result a committee was set up. Then a sub-committee was formed, and any day now one can expect their report to be printed, though at the moment of writing it does not seem to be settled yet as to whether the public will be allowed access to it.

THE OTHER great aspect of the cleanliness of London is the problem of the streets. Street cleansing, like refuse collection, is the duty of the local sanitary authorities. In 1799, the householders of Parliament Street said that the street had not been cleaned for five months. The inhabitants of the Sloane Street area arranged with the contractors to have the upper end of Sloane Street cleaned eight times a year. The other streets were cleaned only six times a year. Less than a hundred years ago it was said that "the eyes are blinded and the mouth is choked by the refuse." In those days to keep a way open for the traffic seemed to be the height of the ambition of the local authorities. In the early days of organized street cleansing the cost was only a few thousand pounds a year. To-day it amounts to over £1,000,000, all of which falls on the rates, which vary from 3d. to 1s. 1d. in the pound according to the borough.

OF the 2,300 miles of streets of London, the borough councils clean all except 9. The London County Council does the rest which involves the Embankment and the bridges and the roads leading up to them. The cost of this is £15,000 a year. Of the area cleansed by borough councils, 1,400 are cleansed daily, over 300 are cleansed on alternate days, nearly 400 are cleansed three times a week. The remainder in the outer districts are done weekly. This involves a staff of 3,600.

One interesting statistic is that every day 2½ tons of omnibus tickets and 1 ton of tram tickets are issued, and only a small percentage of these are put into the receptacles placed for the purpose. Match boxes, banana skins, newspapers, paper bags, and

(Continued on page 200)

Left—WHEN MOST LONDONERS ARE ABED: Washing a street in the West End with a hose. This work is done between 1 a.m. and 5 a.m. in the morning

RAPID AND HYGIENIC: A modern refuse collecting van in a London street

MILTON in the DARK

A Regent's Park Performance as it Appears After Nightfall

IYRSIS: Mr. Leslie French returns to celestial dress after rescuing the lady

the ocean now I fly
nd those happy climes that ly
here day never shuts his eye,
in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid ayr
All amidst the Gardens fair
Hesperus and his daughters three.

THE LADY, LOST IN THE WOOD, IS LURED BY COMUS: The evil spirit of the wood, disguised as a shepherd, approaches the lady after her song to the echoes. He recalls the delights of Circe, "but such a sacred and home-felt delight, such sober certainty of waking bliss I never heard till now"—lines which alone make a visit to Regent's Park worth while

IN THE HATED COURT OF COMUS: The lady (Miss Sybil Evers) defies Comus and his horrid-headed rout. She is seated, spell-bound, on a gleaming throne, and answers Comus thus: "Fool, do not boast. Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde with all thy charms"

AN AUDIENCE OF 3,000 WATCHING A PERFORMANCE OF "COMUS" AT REGENT'S PARK OPEN-AIR THEATRE: These pictures have been specially taken for "The Sphere" in order to give an idea of the delightful scenes which meet the eye and please the ear at the Botanical Gardens, where Mr. Sydney Carroll's productions have been meeting with such success. By general acclaim *Comus* has been held to be the most perfectly suited to a night setting of all the plays so far presented

CONDUCTOR TO THE RUSSIAN BALLETS: In this special "Sphere" picture Efrem Kurtz and his charming wife are shown in their London house. M. Kurtz has many musical activities in addition to his current task at Covent Garden. He recently arranged the music for the *Catherine the Great* film. His wife is a granddaughter of a noted foreign banker, Herr Furstenberg

DRAMA *and* TERPSICHORE

Bergner the Great—An Actress who can Make a Success of a Mediocre Play

By PHILIP PAGE

THE ADVENT and the Epiphany of Elisabeth Bergner—the near idolatry in which so many hold her justifies such terms—has been the event of the 1934 theatrical season.

I do not budge one iota from my original argument, launched when the play in which she has not only shaken up Londoners, but made them pay heavily for the process, was first produced at the Apollo Theatre, that not until we see her in a great rôle can we say honestly "Here is another Bernhardt, or Duse, or Ellen Terry." There are those, and I believe Mr. Cochran himself to be among them, who will regard this guarded, wholly well-meaning, and not in the remotest degree unfavourable statement as almost blasphemous. But any other from one who has not seen the Bergner in other rôles (except in an unconvincing film) must be dishonest.

I did not see the three great ladies above-mentioned in their prime or in anything like their prime. But I did see them, not once, but several times, and (with the exception of Duse, who was ailing, apparently in a bad temper, and talking her way softly and rapidly in a tongue of which I have but little knowledge through a play I knew to be dull), they made me realize what must have been there as well as the not inconsiderable amount that still remained. No final judgment can be passed by English playgoers on the Bergner until they know more of her, though I have little doubt what that judgment will be. It is silly to be premature with it, unless one takes the business-like, and quite reasonable, view that any woman who can make a success of *Escape Me Never* is, like Habakkuk, *capable de tout*.

IT USED to be said that no actor or actress, however great, can do anything with a bad play. That view will now have to be amended. *Escape Me Never* had many failings but it had the important virtue of providing the Bergner with an extremely effective part. Not a "great" part; and even if it were a "great" part that in itself is not enough.

In the character of the strange, lovable, faithful waif, this actress from Austria, acting in a language not her own, was allowed to run nearly the whole gamut of the emotions—if not from A to Z at least from A to W. She could be capricious, tender, devil-may-care, amusing, and pathetic, wringing tears over the death of her baby (this is not vastly difficult for any actress who knows her job), making one detest the conceited ass she loved. The machine-made romance of it all she lifted into something higher by her genius. And it is that which makes us so anxious to see her in a part which is in itself on the grand scale (not necessarily in the grand manner) and does not have to be lifted up.

What we now await, in short, is Elisabeth Bergner in a play written by a creative brain that equals her own interpretative brain.

Even so, British playgoers should be grateful for their dose of Bergner. She came at the right time. The mighty figures of the past have gone—a memory for the elderly and middle-aged. The younger generation have been fed upon plenty of fair-to-middling actresses and a few very fine actresses. But, with all the patriotic fervour that is in my bones, I cannot hail any of our English actresses to-day as *great* actresses. Bergner is unquestionably a great actress. How great she is we have yet to learn—and the sooner the better.

The remainder of the theatrical season does not, on the whole, allow any room for pessimism. It has been unsensational. Miss Dodie Smith's *Touch Wood* is her best play so far, which means it is a very good play indeed. *Conversation Piece* will never be remembered as a rival to *Cavalcade* or *Bitter Sweet*, but it was Mr. Noel Coward in a most polished and elegant mood. The J. B. Priestley play, *Laburnum Grove*, has proved a happy success, and so has *Vintage Wine* at Daly's with Mr. Seymour Hicks at his brilliant best. *Magnolia Street* at the Adelphi I thought rather a muddle, and the public, it seems, thought so too, for they did not support it. Drury Lane failed with *Three Sisters*, a play intended to be so very English but actually so uncomfortably hybrid.

I MARVEL that *Indoor Fireworks*, a subtle and amusing farce, did not last longer at the Aldwych; it was well written and well acted, if a trifle thin. The weather continues to smile upon the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, where the authors relied upon are, to date, Shakespeare, Milton, and Shaw. Revue has hardly been to the fore, though there are many good points in that at the Palace, with mimicry as the strongest of them. A dull revue at the Saville soon fizzled out.

No tears need be wept over the half a dozen or so plays, each of which lasted half a dozen nights only and sometimes much less. The Shaftesbury had a couple of these and *Elizabeth Sleeps Out*, the latest of them, has just concluded a tiny run at the Whitehall. They failed because there was not a single element in them to command success; they were very silly plays. The only short-run play which deserved better luck—though the element of luck really enters very little—was *Meeting at Night* at the Globe; the author of that will, I think, write a good play one day.

From this list, which does not pretend to be exhaustive, must not be omitted some important visitors. The Comédie Française company gave some admirably polished performances in the grandly academic manner at the Cambridge Theatre; this is an inheritance from a noble school, though I, frankly, would have preferred something a trifle less noble than *Œdipe* and *Ruy Blas*. In short, these excellent actors were somewhat handicapped by their repertoire.

THE OHEL PLAYERS who visited the Scala Theatre were, on the other hand, handicapped by nothing whatever. They did not even allow their language, Hebrew, to be a handicap. They went out, hell for leather, for emotional vigour, and so vigorous were they that had they been playing in Kamschatkan their meaning would have been obvious. Their tragic force was overwhelming, and if they were at times quite undisciplined they got there just the same.

I have seen nothing to equal them in the line they adopt since Grasso and his fellow Sicilians bit each other in the neck on the stage of the Shaftesbury.

Variety is an unconscionable time a-dying. Of course it will never die. I found an audience at the Alhambra the other night as large and as enthusiastic as those which just a year ago flocked there to see entertainment of a very different type—the Russian Ballet.

Mr. Gillie Potter boomed at us academically. He is surely the first comedian to exploit a brand of burlesque pedantry, and so subtle is the burlesque that it is so very nearly the real thing. What they think of it in what is known in America as "the long grass" I cannot imagine; but I do know that it vastly amuses me and that I have yet to meet the man it does not amuse. Miss Nina Mae McKinney has returned with, it seems, additional sparkle.

She has all the lithe shapeliness of so many coloured women, and she does not hurl her physical allure at the audience, as Miss Josephine Baker does, in a bewildering succession of grotesque contortions. But her material struck me as being about as feeble as possible. To take a pair of sparkling eyes—black ones—is not enough; there must be songs to go with them.

MR. GEORGE GEE I long regarded as a comedian of quality and originality, hampered by the dull musical comedies and revues in which he elected to appear. But in his last play, a gay little affair at Daly's, he had a chance, took hold of it, and made a well-deserved success. As a music-hall turn he is repeating that success.

What would be said of a revue which went through forty-six editions? I know what I would feel like saying of any revue, however good, if I had to see it half that number of times. None the less, I congratulate *Revudeville* at the little Windmill Theatre on reaching its forty-sixth effort and on making that effort, so I am assured by those who have seen all of them, its best yet. I thought this a capital show of an *intime* type. The Windmill is the only theatre in London which rivals the tiny Capucines in Paris as it was in its best days, and, unlike the non-stop revue theatres, it does not bank on feeble Parisian imitations.

The show has a character of its own and the sketches are well above the average—particularly one entitled "You Mustn't Advertise." Mr. Gus Chevalier is a clever comedian and fills up the gap left by Mr. John Tilley, now of the Comedy Theatre and very "legitimate."

BRILLIANT EXPONENTS OF BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN: Tamara Toumanova and David Lichine in a striking pose

How Waterloo Bridge is Being Demolished

DOWN TO THE KEY STONES: A general view of the bridge showing how the balustrades, the pavement, and the roadway have been taken away. This has been an easy task, but the demolition of the arches presents a highly difficult problem, as the displacement of certain stones might lead to the collapse of a large part of the structure and to the consequent blocking of the river for traffic

NNIE'S MASTERPIECE AS IT IS TO-DAY: The removal of the road surface has revealed the timber transverse supports previously referred to in "The Sphere" and a quantity of tawny earthen packing at the sides

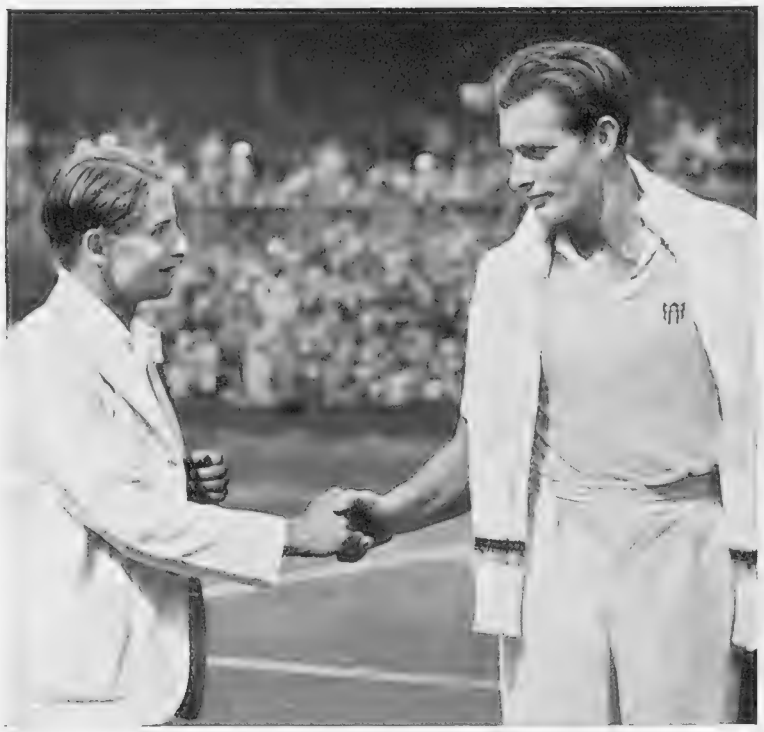
WHAT SOMETIMES OCCURS: When this bridge over the Avon at Bristol was being blown up, twenty people were injured on account of the peculiar way in which the arch fell

Up to now the work of removing Waterloo Bridge has been an easy matter, and one that has called for no great engineering skill. The arches, however, are much less easily demolished. Each, to a large extent, is dependent upon the other for support, and if one is taken away, those adjacent are liable to collapse like a house of cards. How the problem is going to be tackled is described beneath the picture on the right. Afterwards the demolition of each pier and its foundations will proceed inside a steel sheet-pile cofferdam and the material will be loaded into barges by means of derrick cranes and will be taken down the river

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE: A photographic diagram showing in broad outline how the arches will be broken up without a wholesale collapse of the bridge occurring. A steel truss is to be placed between each pier, holes are to be bored vertically through each arch, and through these will be passed suspension bars which will attach the trusses to specially constructed centering beneath the arches. Thus a proper balance will be maintained, and it will be possible to remove key-portions of the arches in safety

BRITAIN'S DAVIS CUP TRIUMPH

And Other Matters of Sporting Interest

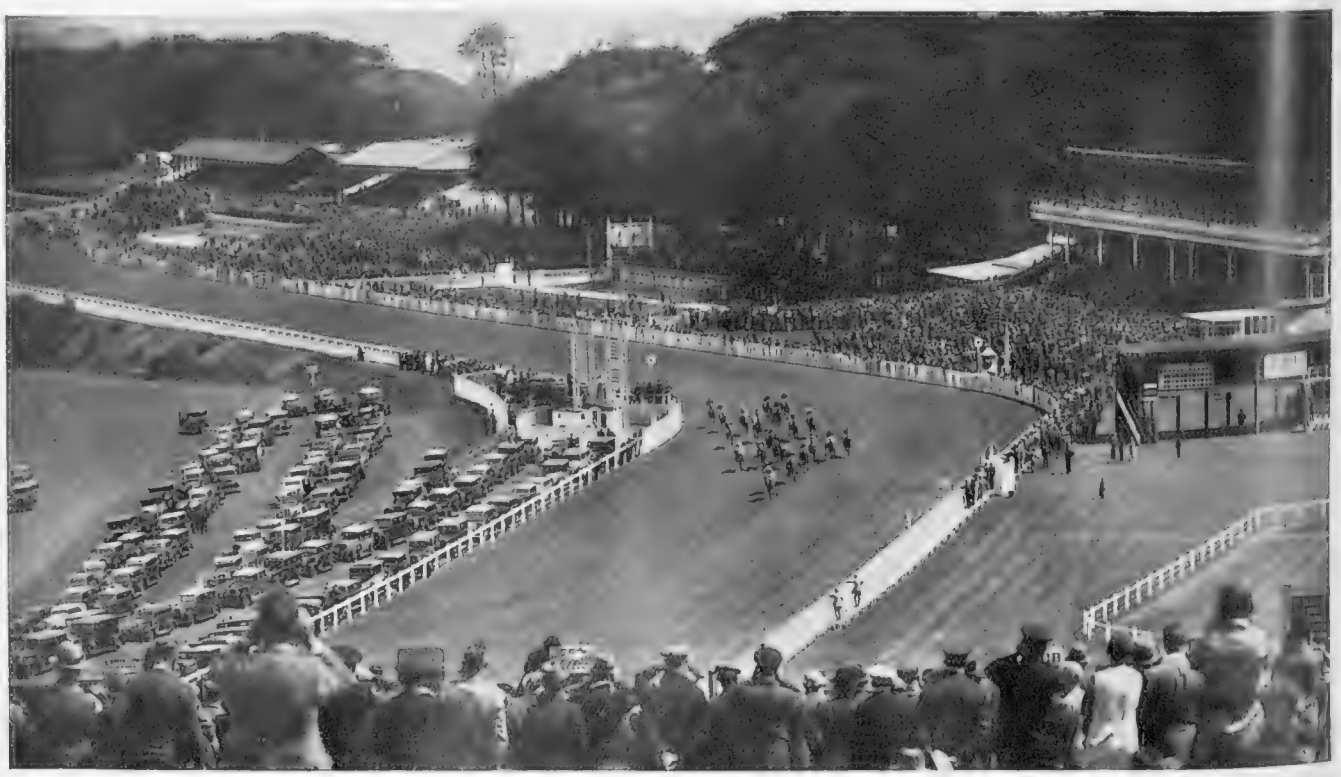


A FLYING START: *Left*—H. W. Austin being congratulated by F. X. Shields whom he beat 6-4, 6-4, 6-1 in the first match of the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup against the United States. *Right*—Fred Perry, who accounted for S. B. Wood in five gruelling sets

THEIR SPARE-TIME PASTIME: Mr. Van Damm, manager of the Windmill Theatre, and his daughter, Betti, are both learning to fly, and are seen here before taking off for a lesson at Brooklands Aerodrome

THE MOST PRIZED OF ALL LAWN TENNIS TROPHIES: Mr. Roper-Barrett, the non-playing captain, and F. J. Perry walking off with the Davis Cup after they had received it from Princess Helena Victoria. On the final day Britain had a lead of two matches to one, but it took Perry two-and-a-half hours to clinch matters against F. X. Shields whom he finally beat by 6-4, 4-6, 6-2, 15-13

MISS DIANA PLUMPTONI, who is to represent Britain at golf against Canada and the U.S.A., arriving on the beach at Frinton to practise



GLORIOUS GOODWOOD IN GLORIOUS SUNSHINE: A view from Trundle Hill of the finish of the Charlton Handicap which was won by Almond Hill, a 20 to 1 outsider. Later on backers had another shock when Figaro, a son of Colorado, beat the favourites in the Stewards' Cup

Going North: Tweeds and Sweaters for the Twelfth

A morning in the butts—a picnic lunch amid the heather—and one's enjoyment enhanced by the comfort and practicability of one's Burberry suit. The one above is of grey shadow checked cheviot tweed, with four patch pockets on the coat, and deep pleats in the skirt. It comes from Burberry's, in the Haymarket

As many sweaters as one's case will hold—and how useful they are for filling up odd corners!—is a golden rule for those who are visiting Scotland. Here are three excellent ones; two in the cashmere that will be seen everywhere in the autumn, and one in camel hair, all deliciously soft and as light as thistledown. The ribbed cardigan at the head of the page has an amusing double pocket, and fastens with oblong brown wood buttons. It is made in natural camel colour and in blue, and costs 39s. 6d. The black and white striped cashmere shirt in the centre fastens down the front, and has four flaps which look like pockets but aren't! It is also made in navy and white and brown and white, and the price is 2 guineas. A short sleeved cashmere jumper in camel colour on powder blue is seen on the left. It is beautifully shaped and has a perfect fitting curved neck. It costs 52s. 6d., and completes an interesting trio from Jaeger of 352, Oxford Street, W.

The Spas of Italy

Ideal Health Resorts where there are Ample Facilities for Sport and Entertainment

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E.

IN THE PICTURESQUE BREMBANA VALLEY: A general view of San Pellegrino, Lombardy

LITTLE is known in this country of the spas of Italy as compared with what we know of the spas of other European countries such as France, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland; nevertheless Italy has a larger number of excellent spas, where the waters are of high medicinal value, and the treatment skilful, whilst there are facilities for sport and amusement which make taking the cure a very agreeable relaxation.

Two of the leading Italian spas are those of Montecatini and Saint Vincent. The former lies in a situation that is most picturesque—among the olive and vine-clad hills in the Val di Nievole, in Tuscany, on the railway from Pistoia to Pisa—and it is very accessible for visitors from this country, since there are through coaches to it (with sleeping car) from Paris.

Montecatini has a temperate climate, with no extremes of heat or cold, which makes it a very desirable resort for the cure, and its waters, famed since Ugolino da Montecatini first praised them in 1348, are extremely rich in chloro-sodium sulphate, with varying degrees of saline content, and of various temperatures—the waters of the Tettuccio spring are extremely radio-active—and are held in great esteem for stomachic and other internal disorders. The thermal establishments are on an imposing scale, with numerous resident and consulting physicians, and the town of Montecatini, modern in style, with well-organized public services, wide avenues, and beautiful parks and gardens, is very pleasant. It has a number of fine hotels, ranging from *de luxe* downwards, all moderate in price, and during the season theatrical performances are given, dances are held, and there are race-meetings, whilst there are facilities for motoring, sport, such as midget golf and tennis, and arrangements are made for attractive excursions to various picturesque and interesting places in the neighbourhood.

Saint Vincent has the great advantage of being in the extreme western part of Italy, in the beautiful Valley of Aosta, some two hours only from Turin, on the Turin-Aosta railway, and four from Milan, and thus it is reached very easily from this country, either by rail, or by sea, from Genoa, or from Marseilles. At a height of 2,000 ft., among the magnificent scenery of the Alps, near the bank of a small, fast-flowing river, surrounded by vineyards and orchards famous for their apples, peaches, and pears, with splendid woods of chestnut nearby, and, in the distance, large forests of fir and pine, Saint Vincent is a very desirable spot for taking the waters which come from a cold spring, are bicarbonate-sulphate-sodium-chloride in nature, with some carbonic anhydride, and are used, principally for gastro-enteric complaints and disorders of the liver and bile ducts.

The Pump Room is a large building erected over the source of the spring, which is known as the *Fons Salutis*, situated amongst dense chestnut woods, above the village of Saint Vincent, from which it is reached by funicular, and the view from it of the valley and mountains is superb. Attached to the Grand Hotel Billia, which stands in its own fine park, is a modern hydropathic establishment, with all forms of baths, and the social life here is quite a gay one, since the hotel has a casino, ball and music rooms, and tennis courts. The climate is sunny and bracing, the rainfall light, and Saint Vincent is a splendid centre for excursions among the mountains—Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, Gran Paradiso—and to numerous castles and other buildings of great historical interest in the neighbourhood.

THE THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT AT SALSOMAGGIORE: Mud baths are a feature of the treatment here

Fiuggi is about fifty miles from Rome, some 2,428 ft. up on the Rome-Fiuggi-Frosinone electric railway. The town is built on hilly ground, with views of the Latian mountains, amidst very pleasant surroundings, and the spa, known since the thirteenth century, and used by Pope Boniface VIII and by Michelangelo, lies at the foot of the hill. It has two springs of cold water, formed from filtration from an extensive sediment of earthy volcanic tufa, and they have a minimum quantity of salts and are strongly radio-active. Situated amidst thick chestnut woods, the spa buildings are very attractive, and there, and in the town of Fiuggi, where there are many good hotels, the arrangements for sport and amusement are quite up-to-date.

San Pellegrino has a reputation of eight centuries as a spa and health resort, and its situation at a height of 1,300 ft., in the lower Bergamasque Alps, in the centre of the picturesque Brembana Valley, with lofty mountains ringing it round, is one that is very alluring. Moreover, it is only an hour and a half distant from Milan, and is reached in forty minutes by the electric railway from Bergamo. The climate is mild, equable, and bracing, the waters are slightly alkaline and radio-active and there are many hotels.

FIUGGI: The spa buildings and gardens. The town has been noted for its springs since the thirteenth century

ACQUI: One of the two large thermal hotels. This resort is only a short distance from Genoa

On right — IN TUSCANY: The Thermal Establishment at Montecatini, which has 130 rooms for bathing, douches, and mud treatment

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

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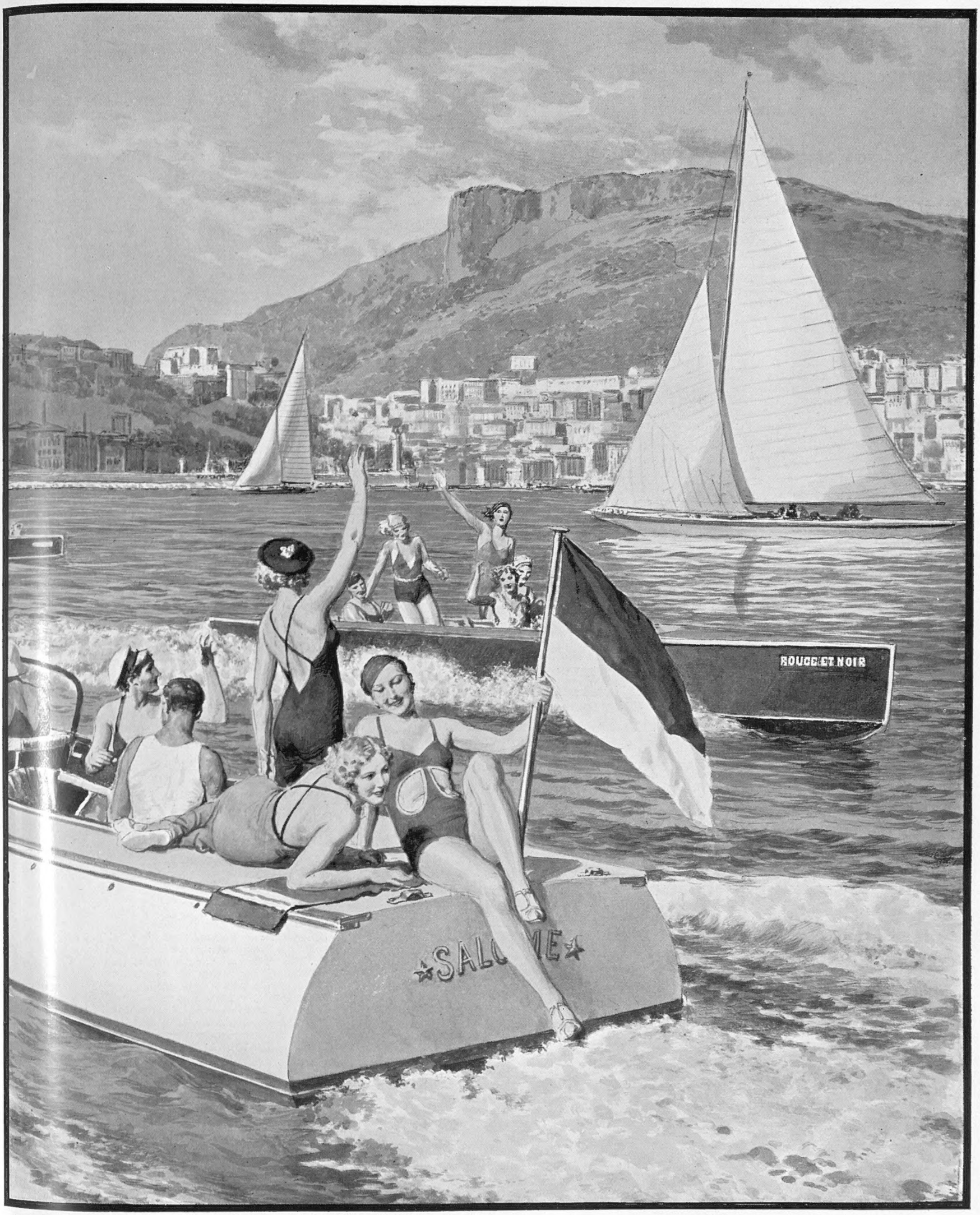


IN THE BAY

The Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—a new production straight from New York—will be at the SUMMER SPORTING throughout the Season

MONTE CARLO BEACH

WHITE WINGS AT COWES

(Continued from p. 185)

considerable latitude, and later British J boats may receive some time allowance.

Velsheda's season has been spoiled by her trials against the *Endeavour*, but she is undoubtedly a wonderfully fast boat, normally beautifully handled, and in spite of her handicap she is a consistent prizewinner. She was new last year, built on lines that were rather revolutionary in yachting, and at the other end of the age scale is the King's *Britannia*, beloved by British sailing men above all other yachts, which has been very disappointing this season. The removal of her bulwarks, giving her a very low hull compared with the modern high-sided racers, was expected to improve her sailing but it seems only to have improved her looks.

In a collection of yachts like the big class at the present time, "handicap dodging" becomes nearly as important to the designer or owner as "rule dodging" in one of the international classes; naturally the architect's aim is to find a loophole left by those who framed the rules. As one of the most important factors which govern measurement for handicap is sail area, both the *Astra* and *Candida* have increased their allowance by cutting down canvas. In the former case, with her owner, Mr. Hugh Paul, making an ideal team with his professional skipper, Heard, it has answered perfectly, and a very fast light-weather boat with the smallest hull of the class, she has been wonderfully successful in getting second and third prizes, and can seldom be kept out of the prize list altogether. In the case of *Candida*, however, it was not so successful, and she seems to have been cut down too far, no less than 1,400 sq. ft. of canvas less than her original rig, and 600 sq. ft. less than last year. That gives her about 7 min. 12 sec. from the scratch boat on a 40-mile course, but it appears to demand a gale of wind to drive her at any speed, and in an attempt to overcome her sluggishness 2 tons of ballast have recently been removed from her hull.

The great event at Cowes, the King's Cup, was formerly limited to members of the Royal Yacht Squadron and yachts which had not been in class races. That rule always brought out a number of the beautiful old fast cruisers, *Cariad*, *Moonbeam*, *Brynhilde*, *Valdora*, and the like, and always caused great excitement among sailing men although the big handicaps necessary rather spoiled it for the layman. Now the race has been thrown open and more or less monopolized by the Big Racing Class, although additions are always possible. That is not the only handicap race arranged at Cowes, whose promoters pride themselves particularly on the strength of their programme in that direction. Many yachts which were among the cracks in the old days and their names household words, find their chance of regaining their old laurels in these races, some of them former class racers which have been squeezed out by changes in the rule, others veterans of the 'eighties or even 'seventies whose racing days would otherwise be long past.

Frank C. Bowen

KEEPING LONDON CLEAN

(Continued from p. 192)

the rest are scattered about in a most unthinking way by the public, considering that this is the year 1934.

All told, 350,000 tons of debris are picked up each year—enough to cover the Horse Guards Parade to a height of 70 ft. In some cases the disposal is done by contractors and is sent by rail or barge to agricultural areas. In others it is dumped direct. There are still a few privately owned dumps on the outskirts of London, but in the ordinary way the refuse is sent farther afield. With the exception of Southwark, which actually sold for £1,590 its 11,000 tons of refuse (I am quoting what seem to be the latest figures available) the other boroughs get rid of their debris at a cost of anything from 5s. to 2s. a ton.

In the West End of London the streets are washed with water from the mains between 1 a.m. and 4 a.m. Then the refuse collection begins at 5 a.m. and continues until 10.30 a.m. Every street in the Westminster area is fitted with special hydrants for this purpose, and the Metropolitan Water Board is paid for the extra water. One may point out that since the drought, the amount of water used for cleaning the streets has been reduced from 200,000 gallons a day to a quarter of that amount. Fortunately, the extension of impervious and jointless paving has automatically reduced routine street washing. Fortunately, too, there has been a noticeable decrease of horse traffic. All told, the actual washing of the streets costs £47,000 a year.

Nobody can pretend, however, that the situation is satisfactory. In borough after borough the duties of the street cleaners overlap, with the result that the side of the street which has been cleaned first is rapidly covered with the debris that has blown on to it from the other side, which it is the duty of the other borough to clean. Mr. J. C. Dawes insists that the only way to put matters right is to have a central cleansing organization which would take over the duties of all the twenty-nine metropolitan boroughs and the City of London. He points out that in future the dumping of refuse should be done at a greater distance from London on the lower reaches of the river, and as far away as possible from human beings, and that it should be dumped with alternate layers of earth. At the present minute the method of storing refuse at dwelling houses is unsatisfactory, and the collection of it far too expensive, though a large quantity is turned into bricks.

There is not much more to be said at the moment, for as I say, the report of the committee, which has been awaited for two years, is now due.

WOMEN OF INDIA

(Continued from p. 182)

children. She rapidly matures; the picture of an unmarried woman is inconceivable. Her earliest thoughts are of the husband that is to come.

Unlike her brothers, she has no education. The boy children go to school in order to acquire the necessary learning for their way of life; the girl children simply remain at home. Sex is of paramount importance in her life—nor has she the inclination of mental development to desire anything more than this purely feminine outlook on life.

The affairs of the world for men—of the house for her.

There can be no comparison between this mode of life and that of her Occidental sister. The latter, by the power of education, the vote, divorce, and birth control, has moved away completely from the static viewpoint of the East.

Westernization has never gone well with Eastern surroundings. If a chattel, at least in her own province the Oriental has always had her value. Half her power has been attained because of her rare appearances.

She may discard her veil—educate herself with a smattering of Western sophistication—but India will still remain India. And possibly she may find, in time, her greatest weapon gone.

THE RECLAMATION OF THE PONTINE MARSHES

(Continued from p. 178)

and the soil was broken up by a fleet of 120 tractors. Roads were then constructed, and the land was divided into plots varying, according to the quality of the ground, between 25 and 62 acres. On these plots two-storey houses were built from locally quarried stone, each containing a large entrance hall, a kitchen, and five or six other rooms.

Simultaneously a new town was coming into being at Littoria, with broad tree-lined avenues, a handsome administrative building, a church, a school, a hospital, an hotel, and even a cinema. This was finished in December, 1932, and in April of this year an inauguration ceremony took place at a second new town called Sabaudia.

By October, 1935, the whole programme will be complete, and it is expected that by then over 50,000 people will be settled in the new area. Mussolini has done much for Italy, but surely this is his greatest achievement.

A BOOK LIST

JOHN HAMILTON, LTD.—DAYS ON THE WING: Being the War Memoirs of Major the Chevalier Willy Coppens de Houthulst. Translated from the French by A. J. Insall. With Foreword by Marshal Sir John M. Salmond. Illustrated by Leonard Bridgman. 10s. 6d. net. METHUEN & CO.—NOBLE EXPERIMENT: A Portrait of America under Prohibition. By Sidney B. Whipple. 5s. net. JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD.—THE REICHSTAG FIRE TRIAL. The second Brown Book of the Hitler Terror based on material collected by the World Committee for the Relief of the Victims of German Fascism, with an Introductory Chapter specially written for the book by Georgi Dimitrov; a Foreword by D. N. Pritt; an Appendix on Murder in Hitler-Germany introduced by Lion Feuchtwanger, and twenty-one illustrations from original sources. 7s. 6d. net. MISSISSIPPI JIMMY. By Clem Yore. 7s. 6d. net. JOHN MURRAY.—HITLER'S WONDERLAND. By Michael Fry. 5s. net. SEED OF ADAM. By Violet Campbell. 7s. 6d. net.

A Letter from Ceylon

We have received the following letter from the Hon. General Secretary of the Comrades of the Great War (Ceylon) Association:—

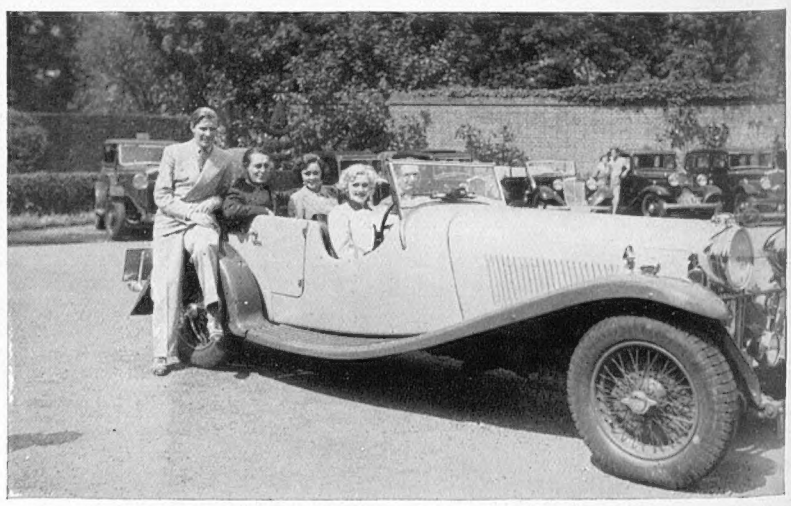
DEAR SIR,—Under the heading "A Breeze in the British Legion," by Mr. Charles Graves, the following appears:—

> "What has been done with the vast sum of money which now totals over £5,500,000? The answer is that St. Dunstan's, the British Legion Village, the Prince of Wales's British Legion Pension Fund (the latter to the tune of £20,000 a year), the Ceylon Disabled Men's Fund, the Incorporated Association of Blind Ex-Service Men, and other bodies received various moneys."

And it is of course with particular reference to the point made that the Ceylon Disabled Men's Fund receive part of the sum mentioned that I would be grateful for your correction. I would point out that the Ceylon Disabled Men's Fund was exclusively financed by subscriptions raised in this island, and is administered by the Government of Ceylon. No moneys have ever been received for this fund from the British Legion. Your paper is so widely read in Ceylon that it is important that Mr. Graves' error (made, we are sure, in all good faith) be corrected at your early convenience.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

On July 25, before a large gathering, Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh J. Tweedie, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the Nore, presented prizes to the boys of the Training Ship *Arethusa*, moored off Upnor, near Rochester. The boys, after they had been inspected by the Admiral, gave an excellent display of massed drill and a gymnastic display. In his speech the Admiral said that in the Navy everyone felt pretty sure of a seaman if he was an old *Arethusa* boy; that was a great reputation, and he hoped the boys now in training would live up to it. Please send a donation to help this splendid work of training poor boys for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. All donations, large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



PERSONALITIES AT THE LAGONDA LUNCH which was held recently at Great Fosters, Egham, to introduce the new Rapier model. *Left*—Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor and Sir Malcolm Campbell. *Right*—Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor at the wheel of a 4½-litre Lagonda. Mr. G. E. T. Eyston is sitting next to her

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*August* 4, 1934. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Hints for Travellers

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR VISITORS TO ITALY.

In order to encourage tourist traffic between the French Riviera and Italy, by facilitating short trips across the frontier, special tourist cards have been instituted which replace passports and entitle their holders to spend three days in Italy without the necessary formalities of visas, registration, etc. These cards are issued free to all foreign tourists who apply for them at the office of the Italian State Tourist Department attached to the Italian Consulate General at Nice, as well as by the Italian Consulates at Grenoble and Chambéry, and eventually at Mentone and Monte Carlo. Applicants must produce evidence of their nationality by passport. The scenery of the Italian Riviera is very lovely, and in three days one could see many of the delightful towns and villages strung along its shores: Bordighera, Alassio, Diano Marina, Santa Margherita, and Rapallo. In the past few months the cost of living in Italy has been reduced to such an extent that there has been a general lowering of terms at hotels throughout the country. There has also been a cut in the charges for sightseeing trips arranged by tourist offices.

The snow having been removed from the Passes of Falzarego, Pordoi, and Costalunga, the famous Dolomites Road—which connects Cortina with Bolzano, and passes through some of the finest parts of the Dolomites, renowned for their magnificent scenery—is now open for traffic. Visitors to the various lovely resorts in the Dolomite region should make a strong effort to make this drive, for words cannot describe the beauty and grandeur of the landscape.

DROITWICH.

Droitwich has long been famous as a Spa for the treatment of rheumatism and other kindred ailments. It is interesting to learn, however, that the brine, which is pumped into the baths from wells at a temperature of about 45 deg. Fahrenheit, is the strongest in Europe and contains 30 per cent. of natural salts. It is ten to twelve times as dense as sea-water, and is also radio-active. Droitwich, incidentally, is rapidly growing in favour as a holiday-cum-cure resort, for it is possible to spend many happy hours there in the new Winter Garden, on the tennis courts and golf links, or in the pretty country which surrounds the town.

A WINTER RESORT IN THE LEVANT.

The British island of Cyprus at the eastern end of the Mediterranean is rapidly growing in popularity as a winter resort. Although it will not suit those people who like an endless succession of hot days, the winter climate is healthy and bracing; maximum temperatures of over 70 deg. F. are by no means uncommon during December, January, and February, the three coldest months of the year, while the mean temperature during those months is rarely below 50 deg. F. Another inducement to visit Cyprus is the fact that living is cheap there, for even in the best hotels terms can be had for 10s. or 12s. per day. There are a variety of ways of travelling to Cyprus, but an interesting method, providing one has plenty of time and does not require luxurious appointments on board, is to take one of the cargo boats of the Prince Line, which carry twenty passengers. The voyage to Cyprus is made via Malta, Alexandria, Jaffa, Haifa, and Beyrouth. *The Handbook of Cyprus*, which contains a fund of information, can be obtained from the office of the Government of Cyprus, 1, Queen Anne's Chambers, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1, price 7s. 6d.

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein (the world's most radioactive thermal Springs).—**"Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of distinction. Comf. service. Unriv. posn.

BELGIUM.

Brussels. — Grand Hotel. — Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Antwerp. — Grand Hotel de Londres.— Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt. Fnst.sit. Fac. sea & mst. wndfl. sands of Belgian coast 140 rms. Ex. kit. Full bd. trms. fr. Frs. 60.

Heyst-s-Mer. — Hotel de la Plage.—The leading English hotel on the sea front. 1st class. All comfs. Mod. prices. A van Isacker, Prop.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Near Tennis. Golf. Casino. Pens. fr. 65 Frs. Tels. Palace Knocke. Tel. No. 8.

Ostend.—Grand Hotel.—Fine position on sea front, next Casino. New large airy and sunny lounge. Free Garage. Moderate Terms.

Ostend.—Savoy Hotel.— Opposite Casino. First class. Moderate Terms.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad. — Hotel Königsvilla. — The leading first class hotel with all modern comfort, best situation with own beautiful park.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Bristol. — First-class. From Frs. 70 daily. Near sea. G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E. Prop.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Lyons.—Carlton Hotel.— The best reduced rates.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace. Opp. Casino Gdns. Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, suite Frs. 75.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.— Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—200 beds. First-class, rooms from R.M. 4.50. Situated in the Kurpark opposite Casino.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel Badischer Hof. First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue." — The well-known Family Hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from R.M. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by Englishmen. Mod. comf. Mod. prices. Ex. cuisine. A. Leuner, Prop.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from R.M. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First class Home Comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus). — Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 11.

Coblence. — Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof. — 1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up.—room 4 Mks. up.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comf. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, w. p. b. fr. R.M. 8. A. Grieshaber, Man.

Cologne. — Furstenhof. — Situated opposite station and Dome. Beautiful view. All comforts. Rooms from M. 3.50 up.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof. Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. R.M. 5, with bath fr. R.M. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg.—Freiburger Hof.—125 beds. Mod. Popular. Orchestra. Pens. fr. Mk. 8.50. **Hotel Salmen.**—Mod. family house. Pens. fr. Mk. 7.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch/Bavarian Alps. — Sonnenbichl Golf Hotel. — Facing the Zugspitze. First class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 R.M.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mainz.—Hotel Karpfen.—Opposite landing stage. Founded 16th century. All comforts. Moderate prices.

München.—Hotel 'Der Königshof,' Karlsplatz 25.—1st cl., nr. theatres and museums. 150 rms, 50 bths. New underground gar. in hotel.

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof.—Leading house. 75 beds. Famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad.—Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea Concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.— First class. Homelike. Full pension from R.M. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.— 1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks. Thermal baths.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from R.M. 10.

ITALY.

Rome. — Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs. — Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fashnble Isl. of all sports. Golf (18-hs.), polo, sailg., fishg., tenn., shootg., beach. The perfect resort for holidays.

Courmayeur (Aosta)—In the heart of the Alps.—**Royal Hotel Bertolini.**—100 rooms. Baths. Grdn. Orch. Tennis. Pens. fr. Lire 40.

Gardone (Lake of Garda).—Grand Hotel.— Large park. Garden on Lake Front. Tennis. Golf. Fishing. Bathing. Pension 45 Lire.

Menaggio (Lake of Como).-Victoria Hotel.- (1st cl.) Golf (18). Tenn. Bowlg. On lake shores. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

ITALY—*continued.*

Stresa.—Regina Palace.—De luxe garden on lake. Tennis. Golf. Bathing. Orchestra. Garage. Rooms from 6/-, Pension from 17/-. Swiss Man.

SWEDEN.

Saltsjöbaden (near Stockholm).—Grand Hotel.—Ldg. tourist hotel. House with every comf. for those desiring the best. Rsnble. terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Baden-les-Bains (nr. Zürich).—Grand Hotel.—First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

Basle.—Schweizerhof.—First class. Every modern comfort. Open-air Restaurant. Private auto-parking. Room from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st cl. Res. All com. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air restaur. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pens. fr. 12 Frs.

Geneva. — The Regina. — Up-to-date. On Lake Centre. Open Air Rest. overlooking lake and city. Incl. Price 15/-, with private bath 17/6.

Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Geneva.—Hotel Victoria.—Facing English garden & lake. Home-like, every mod. comfort. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

Glion.—Grand Htl. & Righi Vaudois (2270 ft.) —Ideal pos. Lge. gdn-pk. ovrlkng. L. of Geneva. Evry. cmft. 1st cl. cuisine. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 12.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Gurnigel, Bernese Oberld.—3,900 ft. a.s. Sum. & wint.—**Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. 300 bdrs. bths, diet. frsts, ten. orch. Wkly. trms. incl. £5.7.0.

Interlaken. — Hotel Schweizerhof.—Best sit. fcg. Jungfrau, next Gdn. of Cas. All comf. Renowned Cuisine. Gar. Pens. fr. Frs. 14.50.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne. — The Hotel Victoria. — Home-like house, latest comfort. Rooms from 5 Frs. Inclusive from 13 Frs. Garden. Garage.

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*August* 4, 1934. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.